

Eastern Illinois University

The Keep

The Post Amerikan (1972-2004)

The Post Amerikan Project

8-1978

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Post Amerikan

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MEG mugs & stories

See pages 6-15

BLOOMINGTON—NORMAL

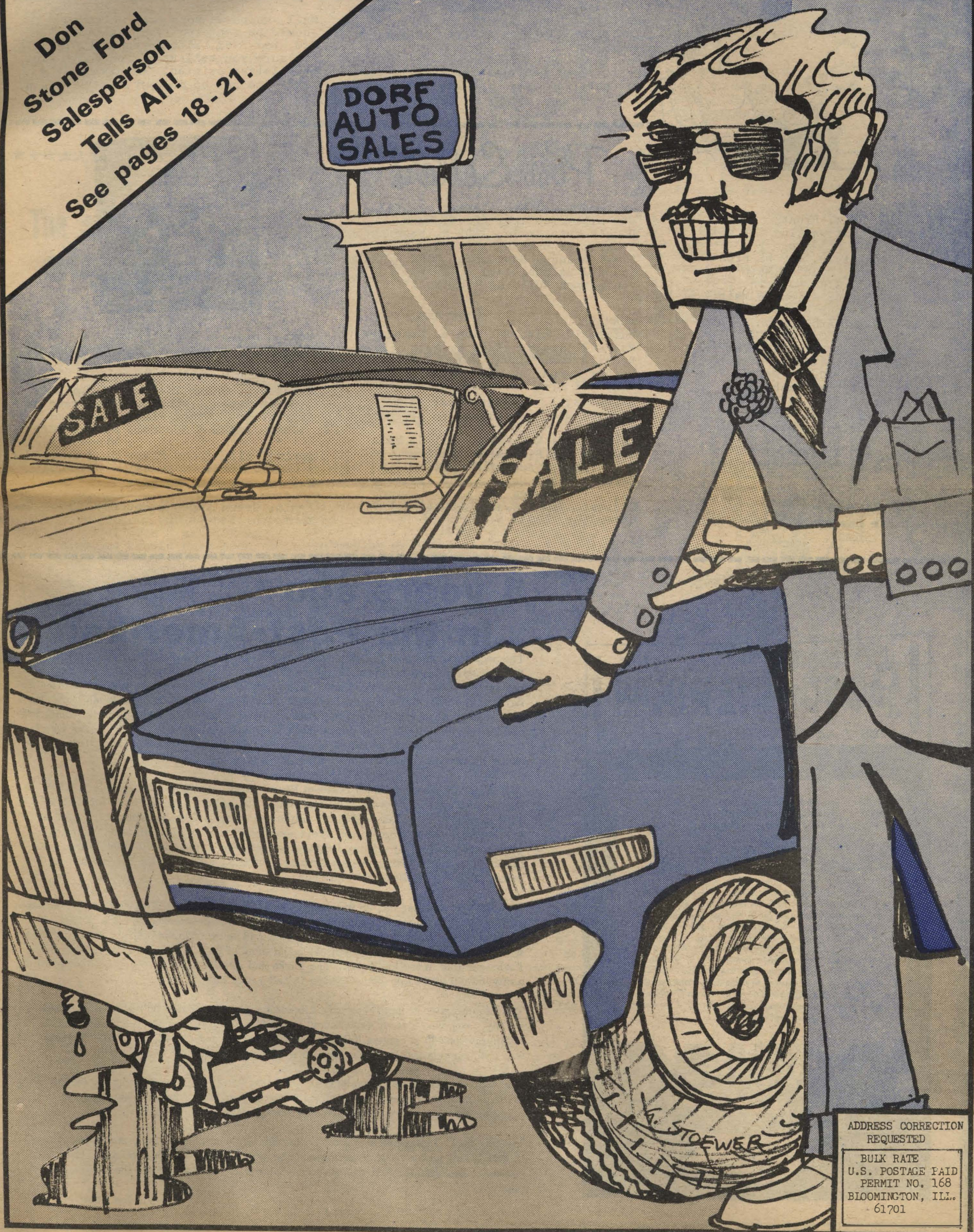
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POST AMERIKAN

Aug. 1978

Vol. VII No. 3

Don
Stone Ford
Salesperson
Tells All!
See pages 18-21.



ADDRESS CORRECTION
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ABOUT US

Anyone can be a member of the Post staff except maybe Sheriff King. All you have to do is come to the meetings and do one of the many different and exciting tasks necessary for the smooth operation of a paper like this. You start work at nothing per hour, and stay there. Everyone else is paid the same. Ego gratification and good karma are the fringe benefits.



Decisions are made collectively by staff members at one of our regular meetings. All workers have an equal voice. The Post-Amerikan has no editor or hierarchical structure, so quit calling up here and asking who's in charge.

Anybody who reads this paper can tell the type of stuff we print. All worthwhile material is welcome. We try to choose articles that are timely, relevant, informative, and not available in other local media. We will not print anything racist, sexist, or ageist.

Most of our material and inspiration for material comes from the community.

We encourage you, the reader, to become more than a reader.

We welcome all stories and tips for stories, which you can mail to our office (the address is at the end of this rap).

If You'd like to work on the Post and/or come to meetings, call us. The number is 828-7232. You can also reach folks at 828-6885 or ask for Andrea at 829-6223 during the day.

You can make bread hawking the Post--15¢ a copy, except for the first 50 copies on which you make only 10¢ a copy. Call us at 828-7232.

Mail, which we more than welcome, should be sent to: The Post-Amerikan, P.O. Box 3452, Bloomington, IL 61701. (Be sure you tell us if you don't want your letter printed! Otherwise it's likely to end up in our letters column.)

Post Sellers

BLOOMINGTON

Book Hive, 103 W. Front
Eastgate IGA, at parking lot exit
The Joint, 415 N. Main
Medusa's Bookstore, 109 W. Front
The Back Porch, 402½ N. Main
The Book Worm, 310½ N. Main
South West Corner--Front & Main
Mr. Quick, Clinton at Washington
Downtown Postal Substation, Center and Monroe
Bl. Post Office, E. Empire (at exit)
Devary's Market, 1402 W. Market
Harris' Market, 802 N. Morris
Hickory Pit, 920 W. Washington
Biasi's Drug Store, 217 N. Main
Discount Den, 207 N. Main
U-I Grocery, 918 W. Market
Kroger's, 1110 E. Oakland
Bus Depot, 523 N. East
The Wash House, 609 N. Clinton

Bi-Rite, 203 E. Locust
Man-Ding-Go's, 312 S. Lee
Mel-O-Cream Doughnuts, 901 N. Main

Mr. Donut, 1310 E. Empire
J&B Silkscreening, 622 N. Main
Doug's Motorcycle, 1105 W. Washington
K-Mart, at parking lot exit
Small Changes Bookstore, 409A N. Main
Lay-Z-J Saloon, 1401 W. Market
Pantagraph Building (in front)

NORMAL

University Liquors, 706 W. Beaufort
Pat's Billiards, 1203 S. Main
Redbird IGA, 301 S. Main
Mother Murphy's, 111½ North St.
Ram, 101 Broadway Mall
Eisner's, E. College (near sign)
Divinyl Madness, 115 North St.

Co-op Tapes & Records, 311 S. Main
Bowling and Billiards Center,
I.S.U. Student Center
Baker's Dozen Donuts, 602 Kingsley
Cage, ISU Student Union
Midstate Truck Plaza, Route 51 North
Upper Cut, 1203½ S. Main

Common Ground, 516 N. Main
North East Corner--Main & Washington

OUTTA TOWN

Galesburg: Under The Sun, E. Main St.
Co-op Tapes & Records, Henderson St.
Peoria: That Other Place, NE Adams
Co-op Tapes & Records, N. Main St.
" " " " " Windsor Sq.
Springfield: Spoon River Book Co-op
407 E. Adams
Urbana: Horizon Bookstore, 517 S.
Goodwin
Pekin: Co-op Tapes & Records, Court St.
Monmouth: Head's Up



5 years ago ...in the Post-Amerikan

The page three story of the July 1973 Post-Amerikan got to the heart of what the Pantagraph had suggested was a race riot at Bloomington's Skatin Place. Post reporter S. Dangerfield interviewed people who were on the scene, and found that the fights at the roller rink were not between blacks and whites. Instead black and white kids rose up against a Bloomington cop who entered the place making racist comments and looking for a fight. The police were originally called to the rink to break up a fight which had already dissolved by the time they arrived, but they soon started another with their crude statements about black people.

Three stories covered then-President Nixon's visit to Pekin, Ill., on July 5, 1973, the 101st day of U.S. bombing in Cambodia. One writer described how his "STOP THE BOMBING" sign earned him a police escort away from the airport where Nixon was landing. Another protester wrote about how she and the small anti-Nixon group were shoved around by a burly Pekinite, attacked by old ladies with umbrellas, and finally charged by a Nixon Secret Service man who pulled down the demonstrators' 5-foot "STOP THE BOMBING" banner.

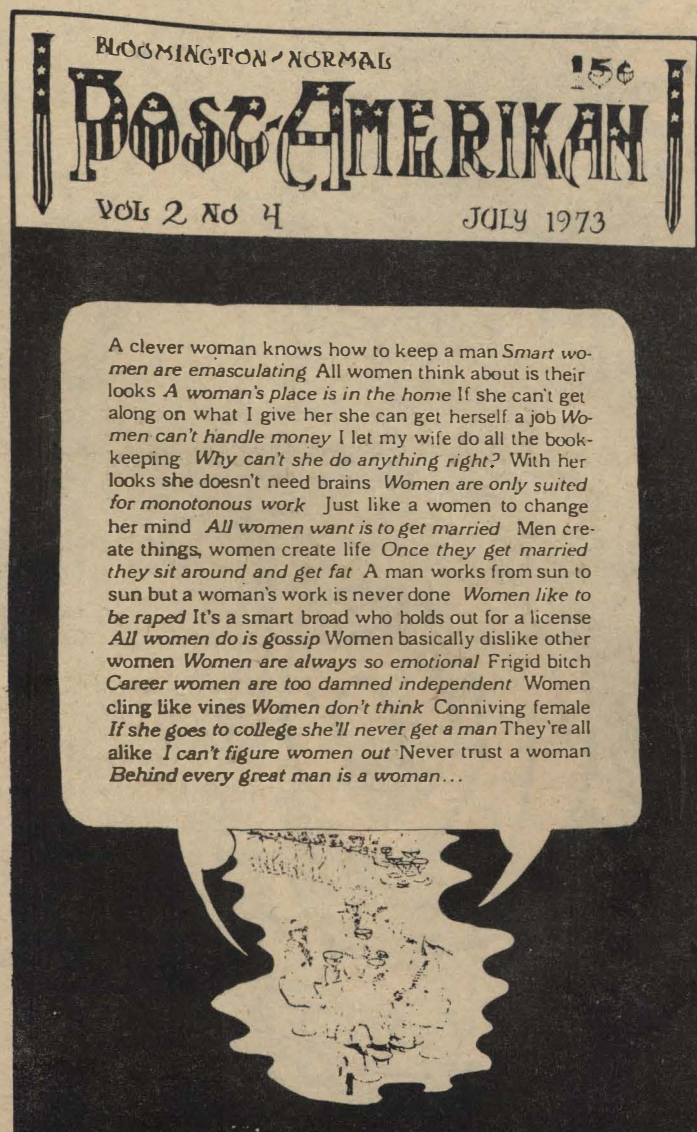
A nosy Post reporter dug up recent purchase orders for over \$100 worth of photography supplies for the Bloomington Parks and Recreation Department: 24 rolls of film, 7 packs of photo paper, 4 gallons of developer and so on. Parks and Rec Superintendent Woodworth, who bought the supplies, could think of just two pictures he'd taken for Parks and Rec in the last year. The Parks and Rec Dept. didn't even have access to a city-owned darkroom--but Woodworth had a nice one at home.

The Bloomington-Normal Women's Liberation group reported on two programs held in July. One was a study group about the suffrage movement and the first women's rights convention at Seneca Falls in 1848 (130 years later, still no ERA). Another was a discussion and demonstration of medical self-help for women.

A review of porno film "Deep Throat" said that "virtually every encounter (in the film) involves male dominance, humiliation fantasies, and an underlying misogyny that together have become the hallmarks of pornography in America."

Looking back, I guess we covered the Big Three--racism, sexism, and imperialism--in that issue, with a little local scandal thrown in to keep it close to home. It's a tribute to the human spirit that we weren't too depressed to put out the August 1973 paper.

--Phoebe Caulfield



Shootout victim sentenced for attempted murder

Beginning on April 22, the Pantagraph carried several stories, with the Pantagraph's standard smattering of inaccuracies and omissions, on a shootout between Jimmy Barker and Bloomington police. Barker wrote to the Post and asked us to make public a fuller more accurate story. The Post interviewed Barker in jail, and this is his story.

Jimmy Barker's prospects were certainly not rosy before April 21, but on that day they took a sharp, definite turn for the worse. Shootouts with police have never been known to improve a person's future.

Barker had been wanted by local police since November 10, '77 for attempted murder and several robbery counts. He had been living out of state after he and his sometime girlfriend, Ruby Reed, got into a shooting incident--which provoked the attempted murder charge. He returned to this area in April.

On April 21, an acquaintance of Barker's called Bloomington police and told them where she thought Barker was and that he was carrying a shotgun.

Police then went to the Illinois Street home of Ruby Reed, the Bloomington woman involved in the November shooting, to search for Barker. In another search for Barker months earlier police had busted one of her windows to get in.

Reed asked to see a search warrant. One of the police replied that they didn't have it with them, and that if Reed didn't let them in, this time they would break down the door instead of the window.

While they searched (in vain) for Barker, police were very aggressive, flashing their guns around in front of Reed's children.

Police searched Reed's home twice on the 21st.

"Take him out"

Three detectives -- Dennis O'Brien, Timothy Linskey, and Richard Ryan -- returned to the area that night to look for Barker again, and called in officers Edward Moser and Glenn Jenkins for assistance.

As they approached Reed's home near the Sunnyside neighborhood playground, they noticed a man who "was acting suspicious and looked as though he was hiding something under his coat," according to the police report.

Detectives Ryan and O'Brien then told the other police that they recognized Barker and that he had a gun. Officer Moser states in his supplement to the police report that Ryan told him "something like, 'Take him out,'" so Moser opened fire on the running Barker.

Moser did not mention whether the police, who were not in uniform, identified themselves or

ordered Barker to halt. Barkersays they did not; other police claim they did.

(The original Pantagraph story on April 22 reported that Barker fired at police first. For some bizarre reason, the regular police report does indeed say that Barker shot first, although the detective who signed that report stated in his own supplementary report, dated the same day, that officer Moser fired first. All the supplementary reports but one agree that police fired first. It is legal for police to open fire to stop the escape of an armed felon.)

Barker says that he took off running after he heard the unidentified police say, "That's him, let's get him," and did not return their fire until police had fired several times and he was hit in the leg.



Barker shot twice in the air with a sawed-off shotgun and believes that the police, none of whom were wounded, knew he did not intend to hit them.

The four of the five police who fired managed to shoot at Barker 15 or 16 times among them, according to an Illinois Department of Law Enforcement investigative summary.

Insult to Injury

Barker was hit six times--below his stomach and in his thigh, buttocks, calf, and foot. He was in surgery and spent time in the hospital after the shootout, and was still limping and

having trouble with his left leg when the Post interviewed him in jail nearly 3 months after the shooting. He also said that his doctor told him he may be sterile as a result of his injuries.

The shootout brought down five more charges against Barker: two counts of attempted murder, one of armed violence, and two of unlawful use of a weapon.

In our interview with him and in a letter to the local chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union, Barker reported instances of police harassment and intimidation.

When Barker was wanted by the police last November on other charges, one frustrated cop told Barker's mother, "Next time we see him, we'll shoot him."

Barker also said that when police questioned two of his friends about the robberies he was charged with, they threatened to lock the friends up if they didn't tell police who did the robberies.

Barker told the Post that after he had fallen to the ground and was handcuffed after the April 21 shootout, detective O'Brien stepped on his neck, ripped his jacket off, stuck a gun in his face so forcefully Barker's jaw was bruised, and then dared him to try to go anywhere.

Barker states that he was not aiming for the police when he fired during the shootout. He believes the two charges of attempted murder against police stem from authorities "trying to make me look as bad as possible to the public so the public will want a stiff sentence."

At Barker's pretrial hearing in July, many of the charges against him were dropped, including the November attempted murder charge and all the robbery counts. The two charges of attempted murder against police, however, were not dropped, and Barker pleaded guilty. In the Post's conversation with Barker, he clearly felt himself to be innocent of the attempted murder charges, but in court a deal is a deal and this must have been the best he could get.

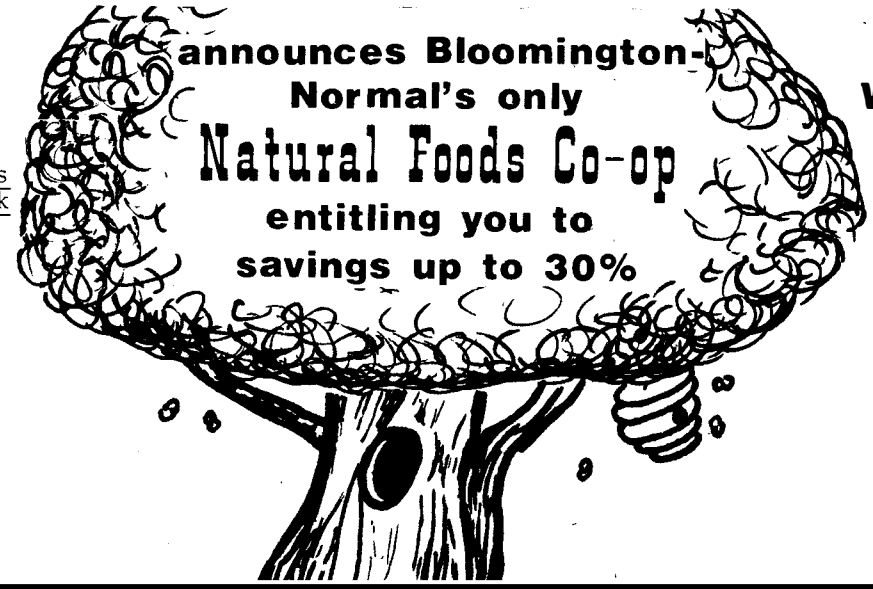
Although some of the charges against Barker have been dropped, he was sentenced to twenty years in prison for a confrontation with police where he was shot at first and was the only one injured.

The police were not injured and will not spend time behind bars. Instead of paying for their violence, we are paying them for it. It's their job.

--Alice Wonder

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Secrecy shrouds Normal's \$100,000 favor to business

When the Normal Town Council decided June 19 to do the Brinly-Hardy Co. a \$100,000 favor, it based its decision on secret information.

The \$100,000 favor results from the council's decision to issue tax-free municipal bonds to pay for a \$650,000 warehouse for Brinly-Hardy.

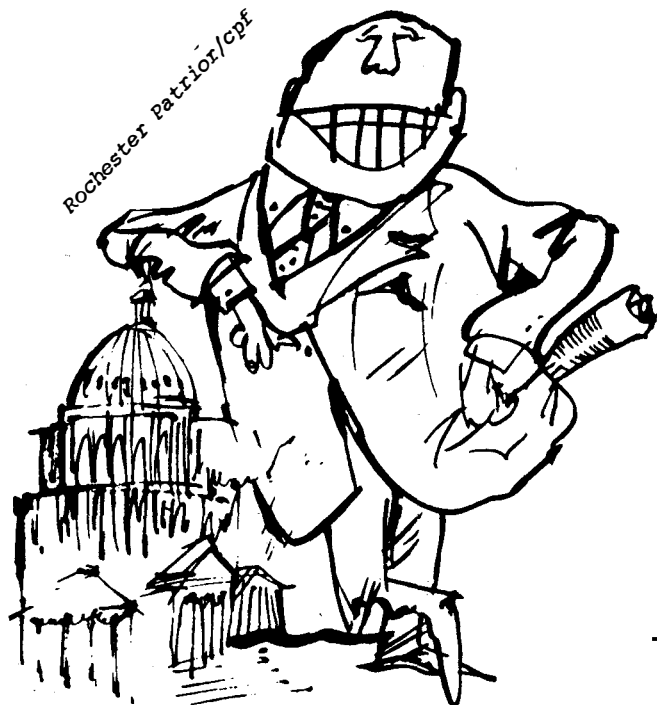
The secret information is the financial report that the company submitted on its operations for the last five years.

Although Brinly-Hardy's financial condition was only one of the factors the council considered before making its decision, the company's ability to make a profit was probably the most important factor.

As City Manager Dave Anderson told the Pantagraph: "Obviously, our main concern is that any project in which we are involved in the issuance of revenue bonds, we must be assured there will be no default."

What Anderson means is that Brinly-Hardy must be able to make a healthy profit so that it can pay back the bonds issued by the city.

The natural question, of course, is: Why does a company that's making a healthy profit need help from the government?



The law that lets the city use tax-free bonds to pay for Brinly-Hardy's warehouse started out as a way to help cities that had high unemployment and low tax bases. (A tax base is the amount of property that local governments can tax to get money to pay for schools, roads and services.)

However, according to Anderson, it was thought unfair to let only cities that were having troubles

use these bonds to attract industry, so the law covers all cities.

The advantage to using tax-free bonds is that they carry a lower interest rate than what a business would have to pay if it went to a bank on its own.

In Brinly-Hardy's case, the interest rate will be from 2 to 2 1/2 per cent lower, according to Anderson. Over the ten-year term of the bonds this lower interest rate amounts to about \$100,000 that Brinly-Hardy won't have to pay to buy its new warehouse. *

In practice, the use of tax-free bonds to buy industrial buildings also means a bonus to the financial institution that loans the money, in this case the First National Bank of Louisville.

If the Louisville bank were loaning the \$650,000 directly to Brinly-Hardy, the bank would receive more money in interest payments but it would have to pay taxes on that money.

By buying \$650,000 in tax-free bonds, the Louisville bank will receive less money in interest but it won't have to pay any taxes.

The net result is that the First National Bank of Louisville will make about \$65,000 more by buying the tax-free bonds than it would by simply loaning the \$650,000 directly to Brinly-Hardy. **

As you might suspect, the Louisville bank is not suffering hard times either.

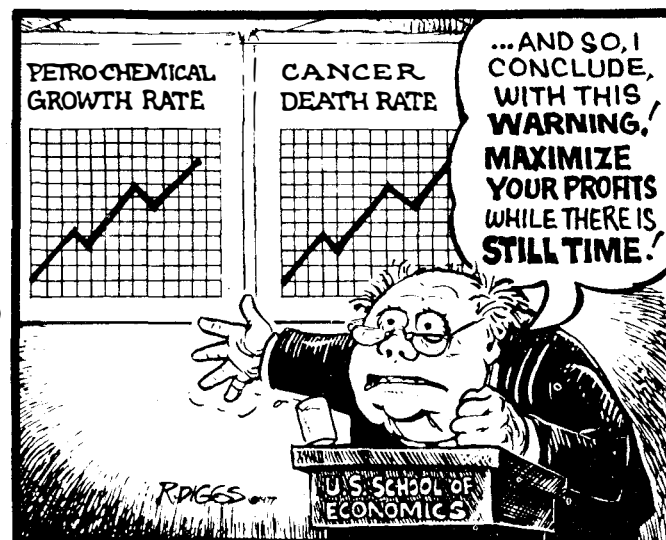
Nonetheless, City Manager Anderson thinks that issuing the tax-free bonds is a good idea. He points to the fact that Brinly-Hardy's warehouse will employ 15 more people and will pay almost \$13,000 a year in property taxes.

Those are advantages to Normal, Illinois, but they do not account for the federal taxes that the Louisville bank will avoid paying by buying tax-free bonds instead of making a regular loan.

Anderson also says that Brinly-Hardy would not build its new warehouse if it couldn't get Normal's help to pay for it.

*Post-American calculations are based on a 7 1/2 % interest rate on the tax-free bonds, a 10% rate on a regular loan (the prime rate is 9 1/4 %), a 10-year term for both, the establishment of an escrow fund (with a 7% yield) to repay the bonds, and a rough approximation of fees for bond attorneys and the like.

**Based on an effective corporate tax rate of 35% instead of the 48% which corporations are supposed to pay but never do.



But that may not be quite right. If Normal refused to issue its bonds, Brinly-Hardy could simply go to Danville or Springfield or Peoria or wherever.

In other words, this law makes it possible for businesses to play cities off against each other. They can simply say: we won't build in your town unless you help us. So there's a strong potential for more and more of these cozy deals-- cozy for the businesses and the banks, of course.

In fact, Normal has been contacted about tax-free bonds by two other firms, one of which is Bloomington's Schwulst Building Center. Schwulst and two of its officers presently face an antitrust suit for allegedly restraining trade in the home-building industry in Bloomington-Normal.

Still, it is true that the Town of Normal itself doesn't risk much by helping Brinly-Hardy since the town can't be forced to repay the bonds.

The worst that could happen is that Normal's credit rating might be lowered if Brinly-Hardy fails to pay back the bonds. A lower credit rating would mean that Normal residents would have to pay more when the town borrows money to build roads or buildings.

But there's another kind of risk involved in the use of secret information to hand out such profitable favors to businesses and banks.

It's not that the secrecy is illegal, because it's not. The city apparently can keep financial information secret if it so chooses, and in this case Brinly-Hardy insisted that its profit records be kept secret.

The danger is this: The granting of financial advantage by public bodies on the basis of secret information is a classic formula for corruption.

--D. LeSeure



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County jail: new image, same brutal story

In a discussion this afternoon about the advantages of living in a nearby small town instead of Bloomington, I mentioned that it'd be nice not to have all these city cops all over, stinking the place up and making everybody nervous.

My friend, however, said that he'd rather deal with the Bloomington cops any day than the county cops.

He said they were vicious.

He's right, and here's a story to demonstrate it in all-too-graphic detail.

In May, Isaac Gaston got a forcible invitation to 60 days in the county hotel. In the jail, he and his cellblock mates cleaned up their day area--a central area with picnic tables where prisoners eat, play cards, talk, and so on.

After the entire cell block population got moved twice and cleaned up two more day rooms, Gaston says he started complaining that the guards just wanted some free janitors to clean the whole jail.

This complaint landed Gaston in the hole (isolation cell) for one day.

Gaston evidently didn't get the message. After he got out of the hole, he got sentenced to lock-up following an incident where inmates were yelling out the cellblock windows at innocent passersby outside the Law Center (I refuse to call it the Law and Justice Center, and I try not to walk by the place myself because it gives me the creeps, and it isn't the inmates that give 'em to me either. It's those guys in three-piece suits giving out all that Law, and no Justice to speak of, that hit me like cold iced tea on a new filling. But sometimes I ride my bike by, fast).

Lock-up means that the inmate has to stay locked up in the cell all day rather than getting out to play cards and to talk with the other cellblock prisoners in the day area. Gaston did get out to eat meals there, though.

In his case, lock-up evidently also meant that if the guard forgot to put him back in his cell after dinner, he was supposed to go lock himself back in. Did you ever hear anything so silly in your life? Who'd go lock himself up when nobody even told him to? Not Gaston, that's for sure.

For not locking himself back up after dinner, Gaston got invited to a conference with the warden, assistant warden, and social worker, who told him to cool it and to conform.

They didn't mention that as soon as the conference was over, the guards were going to throw Gaston in the hole for 14 days. But they did.

And no one told Gaston's family and friends that he was going to be in the hole and get no visits or calls for two weeks. That caused a lot of confusion, family members thinking that the cops had managed to lose him completely for awhile. (One letter that Gaston wrote to his fiancée is postmarked three weeks after he sent it out from the jail.)

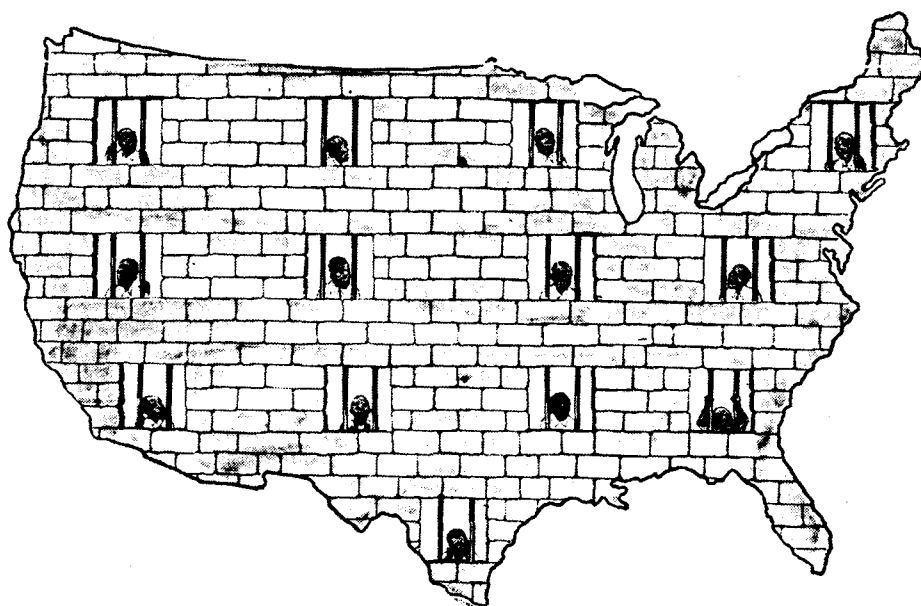
Gaston says he was pounding away on the door to his isolation cell, demanding to call his folks. (Evidently, he still hadn't got the message of King's county jail.)

shackle his ankles together and then handcuff his hands to his ankles, leaving him practically unable to move.

In the process, one of the guards grabbed him by the hair and banged his head against the wall a couple times.

(Two weeks after Gaston got out of jail, our reporter could still see the marks of the shackles on Gaston's ankles.)

Gaston estimates that he remained in this undignified position from 9:30 am till 6 pm. The guards came in and left his meals on the floor, and he had to scoot over and eat his food no-hands, like a dog.



County cop response: turn off the water to his cell. That meant no drinking water, no washing water, and no flushing water for two and a half days. Ick!

Still unenlightened, Gaston only pounded harder.

Proving that they could go beyond mere ickiness, guards then removed Gaston's mattress from the isolation cell, leaving him a cold metal frame of a bed.

Gaston pounded louder.

Rising to new heights of viciousness, five guards (Farris, Goldberg, Steiner, Ledbetter, and one other, says Gaston), moved into the cell to

When his hands turned blue, a guard did loosen his bonds, but did so roughly.

By the time 13 days in the hole passed, Gaston was subdued. He lived the rest of his sentence out silently, and went home.

And the state gives out awards for that new county jail, saying it's a model facility. Just goes to show where the state's at. This Law Center is a slick modern shell sheltering the same slimy crap that's always gone down in the county jail and the courthouse, if you ask me.

--Phoebe Caulfield



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101 Broadway Mall, Normal
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MEG's invisible agent: Bobby Friga

The Peoria-based MEG undercover narc squad is apparently experimenting with a new investigative technique: using an invisible agent. People charged with selling marijuana to this agent have never even seen him. The agent is Bobby Friga, a Bloomington cop who has been assigned to work for MEG since 1976.

The Post-Amerikan has talked with six people involved in four separate MEG charges alleging sales to Bobby Friga. All six people swear they never met the man.

A Peoria man (who we'll call Sam) is charged with selling less than 30 grams of marijuana to Agent Friga last August 31. Friga claims that he and MEG Confidential Source #137 went to Sam's house, where Sam agreed to sell a lid of pot. Friga claims that they were inside the house, that a joint was passed around, and that Friga pretended to smoke part of it. Friga claims that he also saw Sam's wife inside the house. Friga claims that he gave Sam \$30 for the pot, and that Sam gave the pot to Friga. This information is contained in Friga's signed police report, filed in the Peoria County Courthouse.

But both Sam and his wife swear that Friga never came in the house--they have never seen him before. Sam says the informer, whose name is Elmer Streitmatter, was the only one who came in the house. No money exchanged hands, because the informer promised to come back later with the money, and never did. (Sam thinks the informer was double-dealing on MEG.) No joint was smoked either, although the informer did give Sam some pills which he claimed were LSD. Sam didn't take them.

Feeling powerless to fight MEG, Sam had already pleaded guilty to a lesser charge and was doing 90 days work release when the last issue of the Post-Amerikan came out. When Sam and his wife saw the two photos of Agent Friga, they were absolutely positive that Sam never sold to the agent--that the agent had lied completely on his police report.

Sam has now changed his plea back to

not guilty, and is waiting for trial. That's why he didn't want the Post to use his real name.

Bobby Hastings of Pekin said it "blew my mind" when MEG arrested him in February, 1978. He was charged with selling a lid of marijuana to Bobby Friga the previous fall. Hastings told the Post he never saw Bobby Friga until the MEG agent appeared in court.

Court records show that MEG informer Rod Meyer was also involved in Hastings' case. Hastings says he has heard about Rod Meyer, but never met him, and never sold to him, either. In court, Hastings testified he never sold anything to Friga, and that he had never seen him before. The judge believed Hastings, and found him not guilty.

Another Pekin resident is waiting for trial on several MEG charges, one of them an alleged sale to Agent Bobby Friga. This resident admits the other sales he is charged with, but absolutely denies knowing what MEG is talking about on the alleged sale to Friga. He says he does not know who Agent Friga is.

Christine and Buddy Rich, of Mackinaw, admit to having met several MEG agents. Buddy Rich is presently in the penitentiary for three separate sales--one to Agent George Blackburn, and two to Agent Paul Brenkman. MEG "special employee" Rod Meyer was also involved.

On a fourth sale, January 11, MEG charged both Buddy and Christine Rich, even though Christine says she had nothing to do with it. That fourth sale, MEG charges, was made to Agent Bobby Friga on January 11. Both Buddy and Christine said they have never seen Friga, but Agent Brenkman did come to their house on January 11.

I met Christine and Buddy Rich before the last Post-Amerikan came out. I had a stack of photos which included some MEG agents, and I needed to find people who could identify them. Court records showed that MEG was prosecuting Buddy Rich for alleged sales to Agents Blackburn, Brenkman, and Friga; so I looked up Buddy Rich.



MEG Agent Bobby Friga

Bobby Friga is a Bloomington cop assigned to work undercover for MEG. Friga lives at 508 Seville Road, Apt. 4 in Bloomington, and has a non-published phone number. As the Post goes to press, Friga's latest ride is a silver Firebird with a multi-colored stripe along the side and over the top, EY 2436. The above photo was taken in mid-May.

The narc photos were mixed in with other photos, and I handed the stack of pictures--probably forty in all--to Buddy and Christine. I told them I didn't know which were narcs and which weren't, and that I had no idea if the agents they knew were in the pile or not.

They correctly picked out a fuzzy photo of Agent Paul Brenkman. Buddy Rich tentatively identified (and correctly, it turns out) a photo of Agent George Blackburn. Our photo of informer Rod Meyer was so poor we didn't print it last issue, but Buddy Rich picked it out of the pile with no problem.

Although Buddy Rich had never seen Agent Mark Williams, he correctly selected that photo, too--going only by a description a friend had given him.

Two good photos of Agent Bobby Friga were in the pile, but neither Buddy nor Christine showed any hint of recognition as they looked over Friga's photos.

Christine Rich took a lie detector test about her part in the alleged sale to Friga. The authorities told her she passed only one part of the test--the part where she insisted that only Paul Brenkman, but never Bobby Friga, had been at her house on January 11.

At her lawyer's, Christine saw a copy of Friga's police report. According to Christine, Friga claimed he came inside her house on January 11.

Christine says she is completely innocent, and doesn't know why the lie detector test didn't vindicate her.

Despite her innocence, Christine agreed to plead guilty when the State's Attorney offered to drop the last charge against her husband in return.

The results of MEG's experiment with using an invisible agent are mixed. Of four cases we know of, two are still pending. One defendant pleaded guilty, and one was acquitted.

Despite a high acquittal rate, MEG may opt for the invisible agent technique of investigation anyway--underground newspapers printing narc photos can't interfere with it.



Who is this guy?

We don't know if this man is an actual MEG employee, but he is definitely associated with the narcs in some way. He drove to the MEG office with special agent Larry Wight as passenger. Both men entered the building, though the reddish-haired man pictured here left within fifteen minutes.

MEG agents usually drive new cars, but they do have a couple older ones confiscated from people MEG has busted. This man drove an older green 4-door Ford Galaxy, JE 4132. A check with the computer at the Secretary of State's office produced the same result as license plate checks of all known MEG cars: the computer simply said "no record on file."

Anyone with information on this man should call the Post at (309) 828-7232.

MEG agent's undercover activities include necking

One MEG agent was involved in an intense romantic affair in Galesburg May 31, or else he just feels that heavy necking in public is an essential element in preserving his "cover."

Two Post-Amerikan workers delivering papers stumbled onto the MEG agent's peculiar behavior as they drove by Galesburg's Howard Johnson's May 31.

A shiny black 1978 Camaro--identical to the one driven by MEG agent Bill Muir and pictured in the Post--was parked by the restaurant. Knowing that Muir was a Galesburg native, the Post workers stopped, and one went into the restaurant for a look-see. There were no MEG agents inside, so the Post worker headed back for the car.

When he returned to the car, he saw a man and a woman getting into the suspicious black Camaro.

The other Post worker said the two people had left the Howard Johnson's from a back door, just as the Post reporter entered the restaurant.

Neither Post worker got a look at the pair's faces, because they were kissing constantly as they walked from the restaurant to the Camaro. Their faces were in constant contact.

The Camaro headed east. The Post workers, who were headed west, didn't give the Camaro another thought for another minute or so. They just headed west.

A minute or so later, the clever driver of the Camaro, having taken evasive action and successfully convinced the Post workers that he was headed east, pulled up at a traffic light next to the Post

workers' car. Both cars were now heading the same direction.

Eventually the Camaro turned off, and the Post workers followed. When the Camaro stopped, the Post workers passed it.

The couple in the Camaro were in the midst of a passionate embrace, so the Post workers couldn't see the couple's faces.

Maybe that is a MEG car, we thought. We remembered how far MEG agent Donna Hangen had gone to preserve her cover in Bloomington in 1976. She and IBI agent Jerry Deen, when pressured to snort the cocaine



they just bought, declared that they only did it in bed. After spending some time in the bedroom, Agent Hangen emerged wearing only her panties, went to the bathroom and back--all to convince onlookers that she and Deen really snorted the coke and had sex. (That was the reason Agent Deen gave in court testimony, anyway.)

Back to the curious lovers in the shiny black Camaro.

The Post workers drove by a few more times, back and forth, but the

occupants of the Camaro were lost to the world. They never stopped necking, and the Post workers never saw their faces.

Finally, the Post workers parked about a block away from the Camaro.

After a few minutes, when the undercover lovers realized the Post workers weren't leaving, they stopped necking. The woman got out of the car and scurried into a nearby apartment. The Camaro driver took off, and we never saw him again.

But we did get the license number: 407 665.

According to the computer in the Secretary of State's office, the license plate on that 1978 Chevrolet Camaro should be on a 1968 Plymouth Fury convertible owned by Marlene Ziegenbein, 2015 Windsor in Pekin. She is the wife of MEG Agent Terry Ziegenbein.

Since this incident, Agent Terry Ziegenbein has been spotted several times driving a 1978 black Camaro--possibly the same one--with license plate 165 854. The state computer says "no record on file" when asked about this number--the usual response for license plates of undercover vehicles.

We don't know if it was Agent Terry Ziegenbein, Agent Bill Muir, or someone else necking so heavily in Galesburg May 31. But we do know that Terry Ziegenbein and/or his wife have been doing some questionable--and possibly illegal--juggling of the license plates of Marlene Ziegenbein's 1968 Plymouth, a non-MEG vehicle.

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Portrait of a narc: Rodney C. Meyer

Narcs and their informers:

The kind of people who work for an agency reflect its values and goals. So we can learn something about MEG and its leadership by exploring the history and character of Rodney Meyer, one of MEG's most trusted and relied upon "special employees."

It's a sleazy story.

MEG "special employee" Rodney C. Meyer nailed down some of the recent MEG busts in Bloomington. Known to MEG as Confidential Source #22, Meyer has been working for the secret police off and on since they began operation in 1974. Lately, Meyer's work has produced a lot of busts mostly in Tazewell, but also in Peoria and McLean counties.

Meyer began working for MEG in 1974, when he was 17. He was also dealing drugs. His supervising MEG agent knew about Meyer's drug dealing, and apparently approved.

At the same time, Meyer was working as an informer for several other area police agencies. Documents in Meyer's Tazewell County court file indicate he was working for the Pekin and Peoria police departments, the Tazewell and Peoria Sheriff's departments, the IBI, and the Tri-County Intelligence Unit.

On September 9, 1974, while working for these police agencies, Rodney Meyer sold 300 hits of speed to Jerry LaGrow, the Director of the MEG unit.

Meyer was busted for this sale a month later, and he cried foul. He claimed MEG gave him permission to sell drugs.

Both Meyer and his wife passed lie detector tests, bearing out the seemingly fantastic claim that the secret police had OK'd drug sales.

In a couple months, Tazewell County State's Attorney Brett Bode dismissed the sale charge against Meyer.

Rodney Meyer grew up in Manito, Illinois, in the southwestern corner of Tazewell County. He never finished high school, because he wound up spending some of his formative years in the custody of the Department of Corrections, officially declared a juvenile delinquent. He shot his mother.

In 1974, the seventeen-year-old Meyer got married. The Meyers' child was born in July. At that time Rod Meyer was working for several law enforcement agencies at once, setting up friends and selling drugs.

Meyer worked with MEG agent Bill Stephens, who took the 17-year-old informer illegally into bars like the Kolisseum in Creve Coeur. Meyer had fake ID's, which may have been provided by Agent Stephens.

(During this same period, Agent Bill Stephens got a forged transcript from Bloomington High School to help a drug informer enroll at Pekin High School

under a false name. Stephens eventually resigned from MEG after his 1976 conviction for child molesting.)

People close to Rod Meyer at this time --some of whom got busted by him--knew Meyer as an unstable personality, who flew into irrational rages. Meyer frequently beat up on his wife, at least once landing her in the hospital.

The marriage lasted only a year. Records in the Peoria County Courthouse show that Meyer has ignored the court order to pay child support--he hasn't paid even one of the \$25-a-week payments.

On January 2, 1975, Tazewell County State's Attorney Brett Bode dismissed the felony drug sale charge against Rod Meyer.

The defendant "may have been entrapped by certain actions or omissions of law enforcement agents," Bode's motion to dismiss said.

Bode left the State's Attorney's office in 1976, and is now in the public defender's office. A Post-Amerikan reporter telephoned him there.

"It was a very unusual case," Bode remembered. "I was very mad about the whole thing." Afterwards, Bode told the Post-Amerikan, he chewed MEG out. "I made it clear at that time that I wanted nothing more to do with Rodney Meyer or his cases."

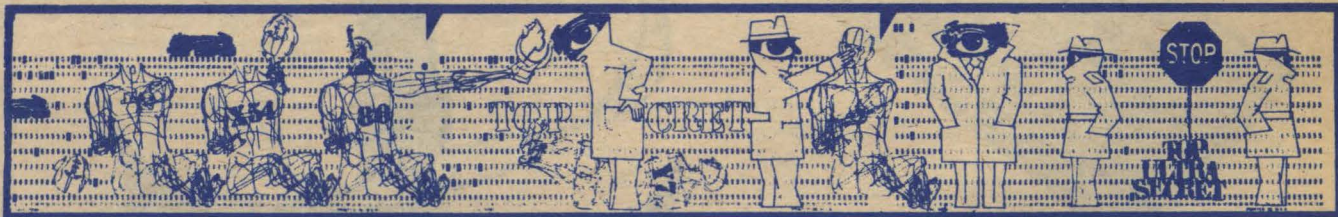
Here's how Bode remembered the case against Meyer:

Meyer was acting as an informer for MEG on a regular basis, working with a MEG agent. Bode said he didn't remember the agent's name, but agreed it could have been Bill Stephens.

Bode said Meyer sold some drugs to a different MEG agent while working for MEG. That agent was Jerry LaGrow, MEG Director.



ABOVE: Rod Meyer turned his head just in time as he fled from a photographer in Bloomington last March.



MEG Agent Joni Dooley



The blonde woman pictured here is Joni Dooley, a MEG agent whose photos we printed without identification last issue. Originally from Eureka, Joni attended ISU at Normal before working for the undercover police. She has an unlisted phone number in Peoria. According to an unconfirmed report reaching the Post-Amerikan, Dooley has changed her appearance since these photos were taken in mid-May, donning fake glasses and wearing her hair in a curly Afro style.

Since the last issue, a young man Dooley bought some pot from in April has been arrested. The young man says he spent about 4 or 5 evenings with Dooley, who led him to believe they were developing a romantic relationship. One evening, the man told the Post, Dooley and he were planning to spend the night together. At the last minute, however, Dooley went home by herself, because she said she was "too loaded." As things developed, the undercover MEG agent didn't go any further than kissing her victim goodnight a few times.

The young man said Dooley smoked pot with him, and was pretty sure she wasn't faking. "She definitely wasn't faking the drinking," he said. "One night she was so drunk I was worried about her driving home."

Reasonable people realize, of course, that this police officer's heavy drinking, and her potentially dangerous (and illegal) drunken driving, are really minor when compared to the important work she was pursuing: busting the young man she was kissing goodnight for selling her a lid of pot.



the slime leading the slime

After getting busted, Bode recalls, Meyer explained that MEG gave him permission to sell drugs. Bode said the MEG agent vehemently denied giving Meyer permission.

According to Bode, both Meyer and Meyer's wife took lie detector tests and passed. They said that the MEG agent had been in Meyer's house and witnessed Meyer selling drugs to another person.

Bode said he then confronted the MEG agent, who still denied giving outright permission.

"But the agent admitted being equivocal," Bode said. "In my opinion, he was aware of the transaction," Bode continued. "It was incumbent on the policeman involved to make it clear, in no uncertain terms, that Meyer should not be selling drugs. That was not done," Bode said.

Explaining his dismissal of the case, Bode said, "In Meyer's case, it wasn't the entrapment, but it was an improper manipulation of the criminal justice system--police giving their informer tacit permission to violate the law in order to use that person to get other people."

Referring to Meyer's and other informers' work for MEG, the former state's attorney said "I question whether 17 to 19-year-olds should be encouraged to become informers on their friends."

I asked Bode more about his statement that he told MEG he did not want any more to do with Meyer's cases.

"If a case depended in some way on Meyer's testimony, I might very well have dismissed it," Bode said. "I don't think Meyer is a credible human being--he is an incredible person for the police or law enforcement to rely on," the former prosecutor continued.

"I kind of got fed up with Rodney Meyer," Bode concluded.

That was in late 1974 and early 1975. By 1977, MEG was using Rodney Meyer's services again, extensively. As a private attorney, Bode is now defending some of the people Meyer has been setting up. Bode admits that some of his opinions are colored by his more recent familiarity with the MEG informer.

* * * * *

Jerry LaGrow's police report, dated 9/9/74 (File Title: Hot Rod), provides a glimpse into the mentality of Rodney Meyer and his employers.

LaGrow's report describes his purchase of 300 hits of speed from Rodney Meyer. LaGrow quotes Meyer bragging "I just sold a pound of pot and ten hits of coke." LaGrow also quotes Meyer saying he expects to get 2,000 hits of speed in an hour, and that he's sold 50,000 hits in the past two weeks.

There are three possible conclusions to be drawn about the accuracy of LaGrow's quotes, each of them pointing out what a scummy, sorry operation these secret police are running.

- 1) LaGrow could have simply invented these quotes.
- 2) Meyer may have been quoted accurately, but may be lying. Such phony boasting would be typical of the creep mentality already suggested by Meyer's other behavior, like selling dope and beating his wife and working for the cops and turning in his friends.
- 3) Meyer may have been quoted accurately, and may have been telling the truth. If this is the



Rodney C. Meyer, MEG informer

(Drawing by Gloria Schabb)

case, then MEG was willing to let a dealer of 50,000 hits of speed stay on the streets because he was useful in catching people who dealt only a few hits--some pretty twisted priorities for a narc outfit.

* * * * *

While his charge for selling to Jerry LaGrow was pending, Meyer apparently planned to use his work record for different law enforcement agencies in his defense.

Meyer's lawyer, according to a document in Meyer's court file, asked the state to provide some information he believed "essential to the defense."

Meyer's lawyer asked the prosecution to produce a list of all money paid to Rodney Meyer by the following law enforcement agencies: the Peoria and Tazewell County sheriff's departments, the Peoria and Pekin police departments, the IBI, and the Tri-County Intelligence Unit.

In addition, the document asked that the prosecution produce the addresses, titles, and phone numbers of the following people: Jim Dawson, Bob Kruger, Terry Fondriest, Bill Stephens, Tom Neal, and Hank Taylor.

The Post-Amerikan has been able to identify only some of these people. Not surprisingly, each one identified turns out to be associated with some law enforcement agency.

The prosecution dismissed the charge

against Rod Meyer before answering the defense's request for this information.

* * * * *

By 1977, Meyer was working for MEG again, very actively. He worked with agents Brenkman, Williams, Friga, and Blackburn throughout the summer and fall of '77, setting up a huge batch of busts--most of which came down in Tazewell County in the first few months of 1978.

In March 1978, Meyer was working in Bloomington, spending entire evenings at DA's Lounge with MEG's new agents Mari Groppi and Joni Dooley. Meyer was staying at the L & L Motel, using the name Ronnie Himmel, and claiming he was from Havana. One person busted by Meyer said the MEG informer even flashed a driver's license in the name of Himmel.

Meyer's work in DA's Lounge and in Bloomington was cut short in late March when regulars realized that he and Mari Groppi were narcs. Meyer was chased out of the bar by a camera-snapping customer, and he never returned.

On April 20, 1978, Agent Mark Williams testified in a Tazewell County trial that Rodney Meyer was still working undercover. He didn't say where.

Anyone with additional information, especially regarding Meyer's whereabouts, should contact the Post-Amerikan. (309) 828-7232.

MEG's Undercover vehicles

Last issue, the Post-Amerikan published photos and descriptions of MEG cars, along with their current license numbers. We warned that MEG would probably change the plates on their cars.

Following is a list of more plate numbers to beware of. Some of them were spotted on cars we know are MEG's. For others, the evidence we have is that the computer at the secretary of state's office said "no record on file" when asked about the plates.

We know that MEG units have an arrangement to pull the records on plates assigned to it. So does the IBI.

Other law enforcement agencies may have the same arrangement.

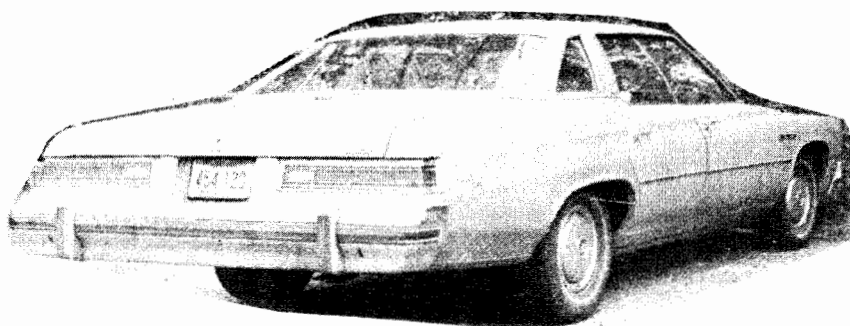
Here is the list of previously unpublished plate numbers that the computer says have "no record on file."

128 641--seen on a brown Camaro driven by MEG's Mark Williams.
PH 7525--seen on a car at Agent Dean Bacon's house.
EY 2436--seen on a silver Firebird with a multi-colored racing stripe at the home of MEG Agent Bobby Friga.
NN 7642--seen on a Monte Carlo at the MEG office building.
165 854--seen on a 1978 black Camaro driven by Agent Terry Ziegenbein.

A 1975 Buick with license 454 120 checks to Robert Lickiss--the MEG agent who was allegedly attacked in Monmouth in late June.

Here is a list of MEG plate numbers published in the last Post-Amerikan: 416 738; 405 379; 237 852; 437 024; 381 427; JE 4132; 149 798; 356 184; TH 1982.

Anyone with more information on MEG vehicles should contact the Post-Amerikan at (309) 828-7232.



ABOVE: Previously unpublished photos of MEG cars. At left, a Monte Carlo, bearing plate NN 7642. At right, a Buick which is apparently the personal car of MEG agent Robert Lickiss, license number 454 120.

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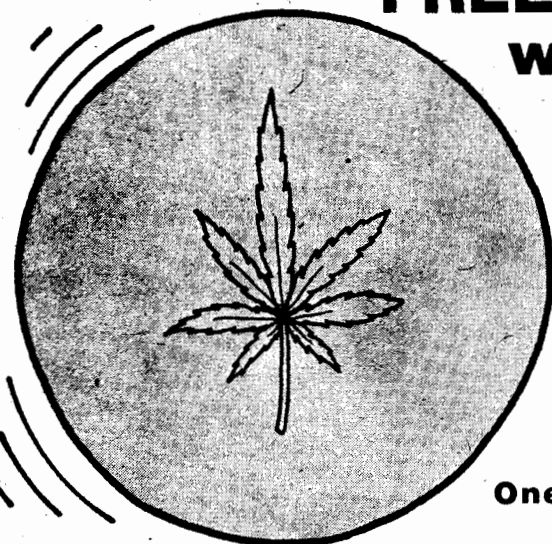
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MEG threatens to frame newspaper editor

MEG Director Jerry LaGrow threatened to frame the editor of a Galesburg alternative paper, unless the paper stopped printing photos of MEG agents. LaGrow made the threat May 30, in a telephone call to Mike Richardson, publisher of the Galesburg Free Voice.

Last issue, the Post-Amerikan printed photos of 11 people either employed by or associated with the Peoria-based undercover narc squad. Although the photos were taken without the agents' knowledge, the nars did get wind of something about to happen.

MEG Director LaGrow sent a letter to the Post-Amerikan (which we put on the cover), asking that the "secret photographs" not be published.

LaGrow sent an identical letter, dated May 22, to Mike Richardson at the Free Voice.

Since its beginning in early 1976, the Galesburg Free Voice has been an ardent MEG critic. Before publishing the Free Voice, Mike Richardson wrote for the Post-Amerikan as Galesburg correspondent, covering news of the MEG area's western counties.

The Free Voice and the Post-Amerikan have cooperated on MEG stories, and both papers reprint the other's photos of MEG agents.

Besides publishing the Free Voice, Richardson works at Under the Sun, a Galesburg gift shop which sells head supplies like rolling papers, pipes, and other paraphernalia. Richardson's wife owns the store.

On May 30, 1978, Richardson says he received a phone call at the store from a man identifying himself as Jerry LaGrow, MEG director.

"We've got six sales on you," LaGrow said, according to Richardson. "We're going to have to go to the grand jury with this if you keep printing those pictures," LaGrow reportedly continued.

LaGrow claimed that MEG agents had made six purchases from Richardson, inside the Galesburg store. A second agent was supposedly watching from outside, able to corroborate that the first agent entered and left Richardson's store. LaGrow claimed that four of the sales could produce charges of delivery of a controlled substance, while the other two were "turkeys"-- delivery of a substance represented to be a controlled substance. LaGrow also claimed that his agents had already taken lie detector tests on their reports.

Mike Richardson doesn't sell dope. He doesn't sell any kind of dope. As founder of a head shop, as publisher and editor of the town's controversial alternative paper, and as general troublemaker and irritant to Galesburg's establishment, Richardson has always seen himself as someone the authorities wouldn't mind "getting." So he doesn't make it easy for them by selling dope.

How is Richardson sure the threatening phone call came from MEG? Richardson called the MEG office the same day, and had another conversation with Jerry LaGrow.

In a third conversation, LaGrow announced that Richardson had to come to Peoria two days later to take a MEG-sponsored lie detector test. Richardson didn't take the test.

Richardson doesn't remember LaGrow's exact words, but says the MEG Director said something to the effect that MEG "could sit on" the cases against Richardson. Richardson remembers that LaGrow said the Free Voice "could be a fine little paper" and could make Richardson "a zillionaire" if he would just quit printing pictures of nars.

Richardson says he is positively not guilty, and that any MEG charges against him would be a frame-up.

Richardson told the whole story to Knox County State's Attorney Carl Hawkinson, who reportedly guaranteed Richardson



MEG Director LaGrow, photographed at a meeting of MEG's Board of Directors. LaGrow threatened to file fabricated drug delivery charges against Mike Richardson if he continued to print narc photos.

an opportunity to defend himself before charges are filed, if LaGrow ever follows through on his threat to frame Richardson.

Richardson said the Knox County state's attorney spoke with LaGrow, and that LaGrow confirmed asking Richardson to take a lie detector test.

When contacted by the Post-Amerikan, the Knox County state's attorney said he had no comment.

Free Voice editor Richardson says he will not be intimidated by MEG's threats. He plans to continue printing photos of MEG agents, whenever they are newsworthy.

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More informers

Last issue, the Post published a full page of listings of known informers for the MEG unit. Readers were invited to furnish information which would complete the list.

A lot of folks called up with information, and every every bit of it is greatly appreciated. We are checking out the leads furnished by Post readers, but we can't print the name of an informer unless we get positive corroboration. That's why many readers will not see their tips printed yet.

But keep those calls coming in.

Elmer Streitmatter is listed as MEG Confidential Source #137 in a Peoria County marijuana case. His last known address was listed as 4019 1/2 S. Adams in Peoria.

Timothy W. Otten is listed as MEG's CS #158 in another Peoria County case.

Dale "Jake" Evans works for the Department of Law Enforcement's Division of Investigation, formerly known as the IBI-- according to court files in a Tazewell County drug case.

MEG arrests 'major drug ring'

A "major drug ring" was broken up when MEG arrested seven people indicted for drug delivery by a Peoria grand jury, Peoria County Sheriff George Shadid boasted at a June 29 press conference.

Shadid is a member of MEG's board of directors, and has apparently been affected by the undercover organization's habitual inability to distinguish reality from fantasy.

The "major drug ring" certainly wasn't major. It wasn't even a ring.

Three of the seven arrested were charged with delivery of between 10 and 30 grams of marijuana. MEG could have charged these unfortunates with a heavier crime if they sold more than 30 grams of pot, but apparently these "major dealers" weren't big enough to sell more than a lid.

A couple of the people arrested aren't even charged with dealing in drugs-- they were busted for delivering substances which were not illegal, but which the defendants supposedly claimed were illegal. Such "turkey" sales are still a felony.

The members of this "drug ring" don't even know each other. The MEG agents apparently nabbed three separate groups of friends, and the folks in each group hadn't even heard of the folks in the other groups. Some of them met for the first time in jail.



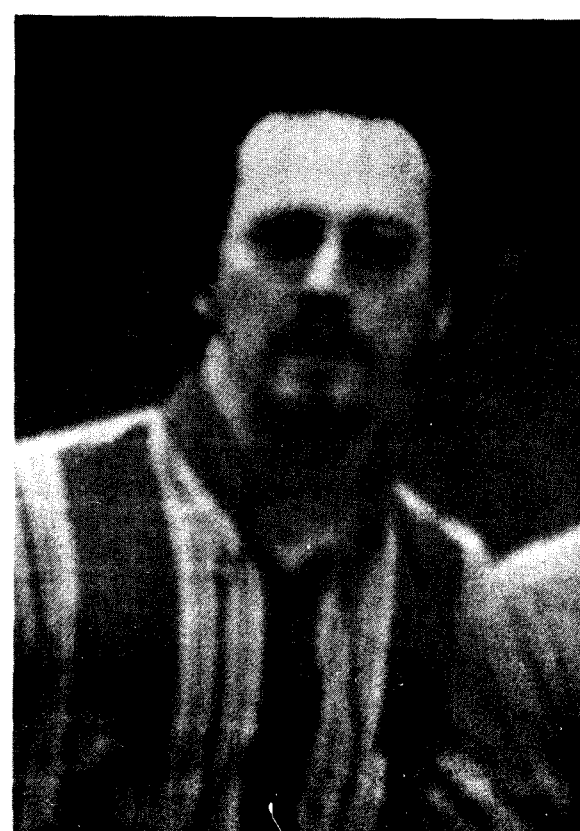
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We don't know this person's name, but he is definitely associated with MEG. He was a passenger in a MEG car driven by agent Friga, and has also been seen driving a brown Camaro--identical to known MEG Camaros--to and from the office building which houses MEG's headquarters.



MEG agent Bill Muir

Muir is a Knox County sheriff's deputy assigned to work undercover for MEG. Both photos were taken in mid-May; he's growing a beard in the later picture. Muir lives in Galesburg.



MEG agent George Blackburn

Blackburn is a Peoria County sheriff's deputy assigned to work undercover for MEG.

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MEG agent attacked in Monmouth

A Monmouth man has been charged with attempted murder for allegedly trying to stab MEG undercover agent Bobby Lickiss June 27. Newspaper reports of the incident said that the accused, Michael Boyd, suspected that Lickiss was a MEG agent from information published in the Post-Amerikan's last issue.

Lickiss' photo was not printed in the Post, but a photo of the car he reportedly was using did appear in the paper.

According to reports released to newspapers by MEG chief Jerry LaGrow and Warren County deputy Robb Miller, the attempted stabbing followed the MEG agent's purchase of marijuana from two other Monmouth men.

After Lickiss bought the pot, reports said, Boyd became suspicious and tried to buy the marijuana back. Boyd was in Lickiss' vehicle, with Lickiss driving. When Lickiss refused to sell the pot back, reports said, Boyd pulled out a knife.

In the ensuing struggle, according to police, Lickiss pushed Boyd out of the moving car, and then jumped out himself. The struggle continued until Lickiss pulled his gun out.

At that point, Boyd turned and ran, and Lickiss did not pursue him.

MEG chief Jerry LaGrow said the MEG agent showed "unbelievable restraint" in not shooting the running Boyd in the back.

According to police reports, Boyd's knife never penetrated the MEG's agent's clothing.

After Boyd ran away, Lickiss went to local police, who rounded up Boyd and the two men charged with selling Lickiss the bag of pot.

Boyd was already on parole for an earlier conviction for assaulting a police officer. He was being held in lieu of \$105,000 bond.

MEG undercover agent Robert Lickiss Jr. lives with his parents at 810 LaSalle in Marquette Heights, near Pekin. He used to work for the Marquette Heights police department, but left "a couple months ago," according to the dispatcher who answered the phone. The 1978 Pekin City Directory listed Lickiss as a student. His home phone number is (309) 382-3321.

When contacted by the Post-Amerikan, Lickiss was reluctant to talk about the attack in Monmouth.

"You'd better talk to my Director," Lickiss said, and he hung up."

Update on MEG agents

Chris Cardinal, listed in last issue's Post-Amerikan as an undercover MEG agent, is now with the Peoria Heights Police Dept.

Robert Lickiss Jr., 810 LaSalle, Marquette Heights (309) 382-3321, is a MEG undercover agent. He was not mentioned in the last Post-Amerikan. Lickiss is the agent who was allegedly attacked at knifepoint in Monmouth in late June (see separate story). Lickiss drives a 1975 Buick, license 454 120.

Marilyn Kohl, another MEG agent, also was not listed in last issue's Post-Amerikan. Kohl was responsible for some Fulton County arrests since the last issue.

John W. "Bill" Stephens, the MEG agent who quit in 1976 after a conviction for child molesting, is now living at RR 1, Hanna City, Illinois, according to information from the computer at the Secretary of State's office. Stephens drives a green Ford LTD, license ND 6955, which was parked at the "Sheriff's Department Only" parking in downtown Peoria in early June.

Hey folks, if you subscribe to the Post-Amerikan, you should let us know your new address when you move.

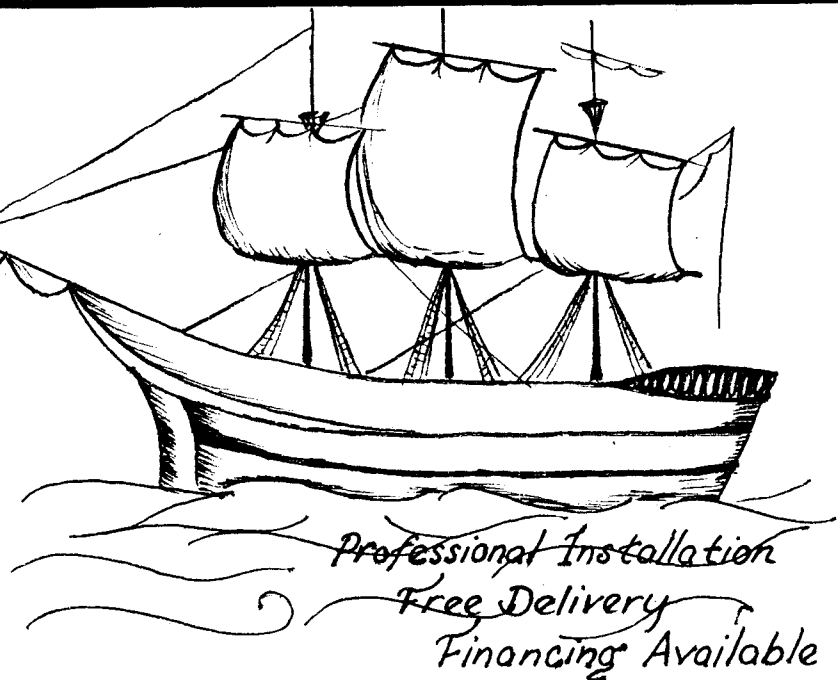
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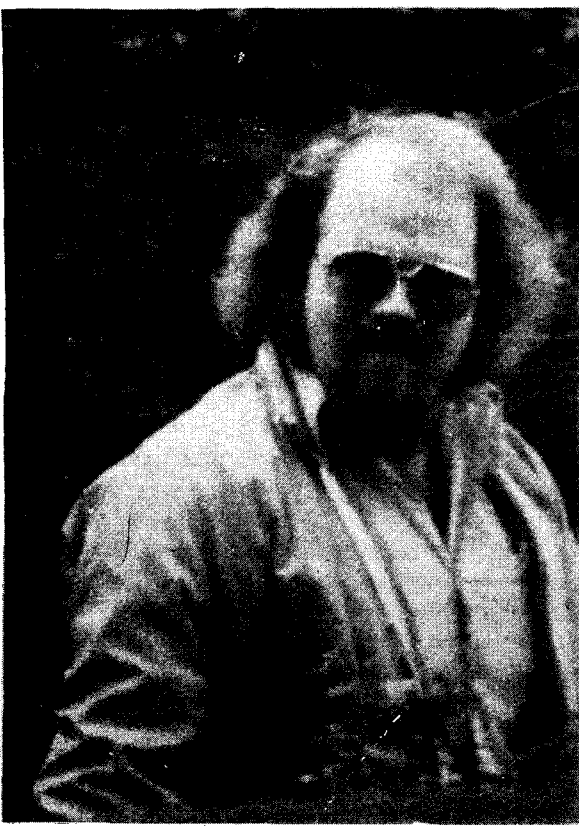
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Secret police round up



MEG Agent Mark Williams

ABOVE: This photo of Agent Williams was taken in mid-May. Since the Post's last issue, he has reportedly changed his appearance, shaving his face except for a fu manchu moustache, and cutting his hair a little shorter.

BELOW: The photo of Agent Ziegenbein on the left was taken in mid-May, and the one on the right was snapped in late June. Ziegenbein is a Pekin cop assigned to MEG, and lives at 2015 Windsor in Pekin.

A McLean County grand jury indicted 22 people on a total of 33 charges of illegal drug deliveries June 7. MEG undercover agents operating in the Bloomington area were responsible for all of the busts.

As the Post-American goes to press, 16 of the 22 people have been arrested; six haven't been caught yet.

According to McLean County State's Attorney Ron Dozier, the Post-American's printing of MEG agents' photos was influential in determining the MEG raid's timing.

Dozier said the Post-American's June-July issue, released at the end of May, blew the covers of the agents working in Bloomington. Though MEG usually waits up to six months after a buy before making an arrest, agents hurriedly completed their paperwork, stopped bothering people for drugs, and took the cases they had to the grand jury.

According to Dozier, one of the MEG agents pictured in the Post-American "had done a particularly effective job of infiltrating the drug subculture." According to Dozier, this agent was just about to get close to "some big dealers," but the Post blew the agent's cover. The McLean County prosecutor estimated it would take MEG "several months to infiltrate new agents into the drug subculture."

MEG undercover agent Paul Brenkman was responsible for most of the drug buys, followed by Agent Mark Williams and Agent Terry Ziegenbein. Agent Mari Groppi, working with MEG informer Rodney Meyer, made some of the marijuana buys.

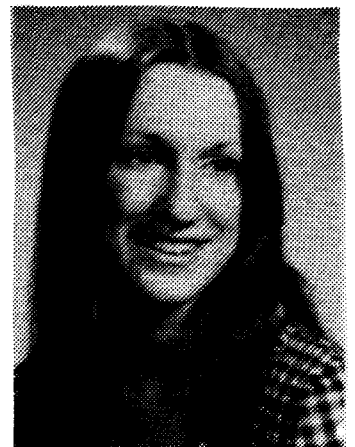
As is usual with MEG raids, the agents didn't do such a good job of buying the dangerous drugs they are supposed to be after.

At presstime, 24 of the 33 MEG indictments are public. (The files on the people not yet caught are still sealed.)

Of the 24 charges, ten--over 40 per cent--are only for delivery of marijuana. One of the pot deals isn't even a felony. MEG is prosecuting one "dealer" for delivery of between 2.5

Mari Groppi, MEG agent

(Photo taken from her 1973 Danville High Yearbook.) For more information on Groppi, see last month's Post.



MEG Special Agent Terry Ziegenbein

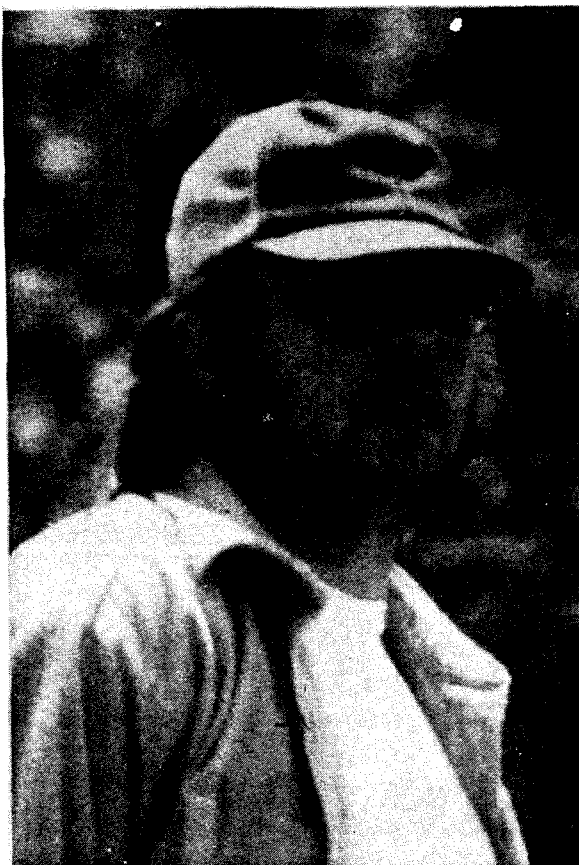


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Bloomington residents

and 10 grams--a misdemeanor.

All the other marijuana charges are for deliveries of between 10 and 30 grams. (In previous MEG raids, agents tried to buy more pot at a given time, in order to charge the seller with delivery of more than 30 grams.)

Six of the 24 indictments are for delivery of a controlled substance. There were five PCP arrests, and one for amphetamines, but no heroin, nor any cocaine.

In a third of the cases--8 of the 24--MEG agents did not succeed in buying any illegal substance. These eight cases charge that people sold a substance to MEG, pretending the substance was an illegal drug, when in fact the substance wasn't illegal. Such sales are called "turkey" sales, and are still the basis for felony charges, even though no illegal drugs are involved.

When MEG was first set up, it was instructed to go after sellers of heroin and other dangerous drugs, and not waste resources catching petty pot dealers. MEG has consistently ignored those instructions.

Based on MEG's investigative techniques in their latest raid, it seems that the undercover agents are willing to devote considerable resources in an active effort to make some small pot deals.

In March, Agent Mari Groppi and MEG "special employee" Rod Meyer spent hours drinking in DA's Lounge trying to meet people who would sell them pot.

Regulars at DA's say that Groppi and Meyer came in at least six or seven times, sometimes spending the entire evening drinking.

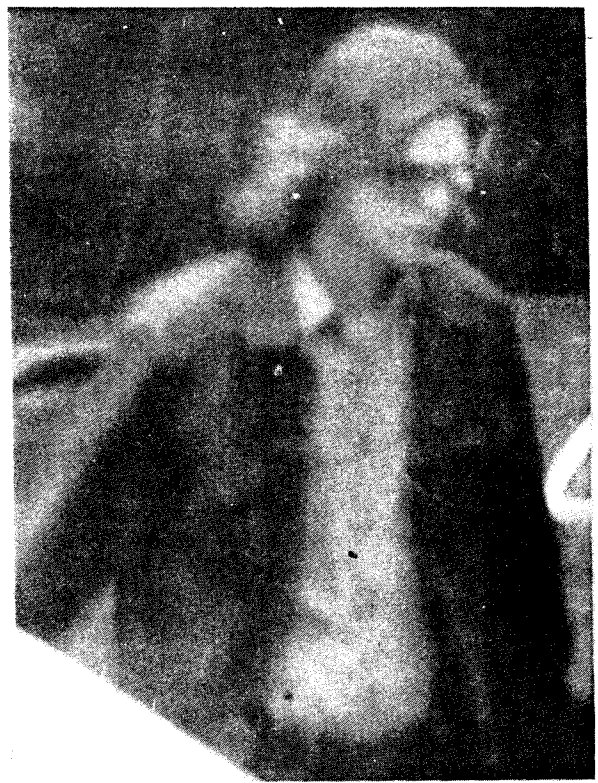
Groppi had to drive from Peoria each night for this important investigation, while Meyer was staying in Bloomington's L & L Motel--apparently at MEG's expense.

After several days of hanging out in the Lounge, Meyer and Groppi eventually spent evenings talking with many of the bar's customers. One customer who talked with the Post went out driving with Groppi and Meyer, in Groppi's car, and the three of them smoked pot together.

Of the 26 indictments public so far, two of them--both pot cases--stem from Groppi's and Meyer's undercover marijuana investigation. One sale allegedly occurred at DA's, while the other was at Meyer's motel room, where the pot seller was attending a party hosted by the MEG "special employee."

While the names of agents responsible for the Bloomington raid are now public, the informers' names are not. Victims of this latest secret police round-up are encouraged to call the Post-American with any information.

RIGHT: Paul Brenkman has been a MEG agent for over a year and a half. He also works full time at a Mossville Caterpillar plant. He used to work at Caterpillar's East Peoria plant, but was transferred after he busted a batch of his co-workers.



Agent Paul Brenkman



Pot possession busts now

MEG scrapes barrel's bottom

From the time it first began undercover investigations of illegal drug sales, the Peoria-based MEG unit was instructed to go after the more dangerous drugs and leave enforcement of the marijuana laws to local police.

From the time it first began, MEG ignored those instructions and spent much of its resources busting young people for selling a lid or two of pot.

Now, it seems, MEG is prepared to go a step further, spending its resources investigating pot possession cases.

In early June, MEG agents, accompanied by a total of 7 to 10 law enforcement officers, raided a house in Peoria Heights.

MEG agent Larry Wight obtained the search warrant by asserting that an undercover police officer had been in the house, and that the undercover cop had spotted a bong with marijuana residue in it.

The MEG agent asked the judge for a search warrant, because possession of a pipe with marijuana residue in it is a violation of the cannabis control act.

After going all through the house (at 2 in the morning), MEG agents found a few pot seeds under the couch, three joints, and two pills (which may be perfectly legal). They also found the bong with the

pot residue in it, plus an isomizer --a device sold in head shops for distilling marijuana into hash oil.

After hauling off the marijuana seeds, the joints, the two pills, the bong and the isomizer, MEG agents planted a misleading story in the Peoria newspaper.

"Probe Concludes With Drug Raid," the headline read. The undercover cop's spotting a bong in the house became a "six-week drug investigation" in the paper. The story was written to imply that MEG agents, along with Peoria Heights police and federal narcs, had cracked an underground drug laboratory. The story said "laboratory equipment was seized," and later said chemicals were confiscated.

In the official inventory of goods seized, filed in the Peoria County courthouse, there is absolutely no mention of any chemicals seized. There is also no mention at all of any "laboratory equipment." The isomizer could conceivably be considered one piece of laboratory equipment, but its description as such in the paper was definitely meant to mislead readers into picturing something other than what MEG actually found.

As the Post goes to press, more than a month has passed since the "six-week drug investigation" climaxed with the big raid. No charges have even been filed.



MEG Agent Larry Wight

Always ready to go into action against desperate criminals, MEG agent Larry Wight (who smokes dope himself) obtained a search warrant when he learned that some Peoria Heights residents had a bong with some pot residue in it. Wight is a Peoria cop assigned to work with the undercover marijuana police.



Fake alibi worth 218 years?

Lizzie Williams, who was sentenced to 218 years in prison in 1942 for providing a false alibi for a

chicken-stealing boyfriend, was granted asylum in Michigan by Governor Milliken.

Williams had escaped from an Alabama prison farm in 1951 and remained free until this year when Alabama bloodhounds finally tracked her down on a street corner in Detroit where she preaches.

Alabama Governor Wallace demanded that Williams be sent back to prison but Milliken refused to turn her over after the black community of Detroit rallied to her defense.

The woman, who is now 60, was tried three times in two days by all-white juries and sentenced to consecutive terms of 20, 99 and 99 years by white Alabama judges.

--00B

'They grab, they rape'

London--Twenty angry feminists barged into a clothing shop to protest sexist ads.

The store had been advertising itself as the "Top Shop... where girls look like girls and men just look." The women plastered the shop with stickers that read: "Just look? They grab. They rape."

During the commotion, women shoppers joined the protesters, showing that they also objected to being seen as sex objects.

--00B/Zero News

Rotting brain cells

South Korea has sent more than 200 people arrested for smoking marijuana to an insane asylum where government doctors are trying to prove that pot smoking is part of a communist plot.

Prisoners are asked questions like: "Are you a pot-smoking communist?" "Why do you rock and roll?" and "Can you describe the sensation of rotting brain cells?"

South Korea's President Park believes marijuana use helped cause the fall of Southeast Asia to communist governments.

--High Times

The school tie

A memo advising Congressional representatives who planned to accompany President Carter on his trip to Colorado to wear business suits has drawn criticism from a lawmaker in Colorado.

Colorado Rep. Patricia Schroeder reportedly complained on the House floor that she doesn't even own a business suit.

--Big Mama Rag

Holocaust no alibi

A federal government memo called the "Post-Attack Registration Annual Reminder" tells government employees that after a nuclear war:

"If you are prevented from going to your regular place of work or prevented from reporting to an emergency location because of an enemy attack, go to the nearest Post Office, ask for a Federal Employee Emergency Registration Card (CSC Form 600), fill it out and mail it.

"The Postal Service will attempt to deliver the registration card to us." However, it may be "a while," the government admits, before it can put you back to work.

--Mother Jones

Don't call the ambulance

After Alena Boronova, a Czech veterinarian, was raped by two men, she invited them to her house, served them drinks spiked with sleeping pills, and castrated them. She then called an ambulance.

Boronova was sentenced to seven years in prison for the castrations, a sentence which has drawn strong protests from feminists in England, the Netherlands, and Czechoslovakia.

--Mother Jones

★★

Cancer in the kitchen!

Doctors released a report in Lane County, Oregon, that revealed that housewives had a death rate from cancer 55% higher than either white or blue collar working women. The report suggested that the home environment is made the most dangerous workplace by deodorizers, detergents, waxes, and other cleaning products.

--info from Big Mama Rag

★★

New criminal code criminal

A crucial bill which would completely reorganize federal criminal law in this country is nearing Congressional passage with a minimum of public attention or debate. The bill, known as S.1437 or the Criminal Code Reform Act of 1978, has already been passed by the Senate and is now being pushed through the House.

The successor to Nixon's infamous S.1, S.1437 threatens many civil liberties. Provisions of the bill would outlaw many forms of political dissent, including many public demonstrations. Also endangered are the rights of persons accused of crimes, the rights of workers to strike, and freedoms of the press. Of special concern to women is a statute which would forbid anyone from sending information on how to obtain an abortion across state lines.

The reputation of Ted Kennedy, the bill's chief sponsor, has helped push the bill through Congress with

little debate and almost no public attention. Opposition is mounting, however. Both the ACLU and the National Committee Against Repressive Legislation have protested S.1437.

--info from Sister Courage

Germans buy Thai womer

About 2000 Thai women are "sold" into prostitution in West Germany against their will each year.

Agence France Press reports that a handful of West German men are getting rich by "importing" young women from Thailand by trickery. The women are reportedly persuaded to go to Germany with the promise of marriage to wealthy German men or of earning their own fortune by being models or restaurant hostesses.

Once in Germany, Thai women are "rented" to brothels masquerading as night clubs or saunas for as much as \$2500 and are often sold outright for \$10,000. The clubs then make up the cost of buying women by charging high prices for prostitution.

The women rarely denounce their employers because of fear of reprisals and death.

--Her Say

Deportation for unionists

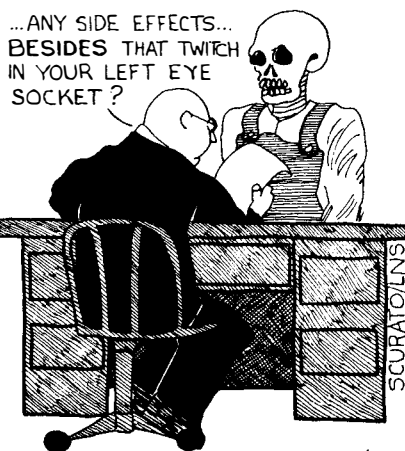
Five hundred workers at Vogue Coach, makers of recreational vehicles in Sun Valley, Calif., recently joined the United Auto Workers. But the company is using the Immigration and Naturalization Service (Migra) to smash the union before a contract can be negotiated.

Eighty per cent of the workforce is illegal Mexican immigrants. The company uses the threat of deportation to force workers into accepting bad conditions and low pay. A skilled electrician makes \$3 per hour; overtime is forced and unlimited.

Federal agents have visited the plant to interview workers; those who refused to cooperate have been fired or arrested and now face deportation. Vogue has hired U.S.-born workers, at higher rates of pay, to replace the immigrants.

The union is now demanding a clause in its contract which would force the company to rehire the workers who were fired because of Migra harassment and to prevent the use of Migra as a weapon against workers in the future.

--info from Off Our Backs

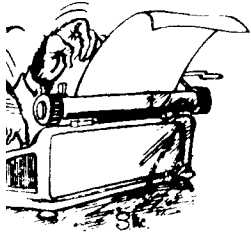


Farm animal?

Guilford County, North Carolina, Commissioner Gaston Faison is against the establishment of a refuge house for battered women:

"If the county takes in a woman who is abused," he said, "then what are we going to do when some farmer calls in who can't tame his wild horse? Are we going to tame it for him?"

--Greensboro Record



'Stinky' works for cops?

A man wanted for a 5-year series of rapes--called "Stinky" because of his distinctive personal odor--may be working for the Berkeley Police Department.

According to a concerned woman, Stinky is a narcotics informer and a well-known figure on Telegraph Avenue. She first suspected the identity of the rapist last year after talking with one of his

victims and told the police of her suspicions.

Lt. Don Smithson, head of the Sex Detail of the Berkeley Police Department, used "sophisticated laboratory work" to rule out the suspect, thus eliminating the need for questioning him or having him followed. Smithson also denied that the suspect ever worked for the police.

Members of the Southwest Berkeley Concerned Citizens, two of Stinky's victims, and other area residents are now considering action to force Berkeley police to arrest the suspect.

--info from Off Our Backs

Gray vacuum

When travelers on the East Coast began to complain about dirty airplanes, the problem turned out to be an old one--virility.

The maintenance men had been using brooms instead of vacuum cleaners on the planes because they thought vacuum cleaners were "the tools of women."

Management consultants solved this problem by painting the pastel-colored vacuum cleaners gray and labelling them "industrial vacuum cleaner." Then they held military-style competitions to see who was best at cleaning and taking apart his machine.

Now it's macho to vacuum.

--New York/ Ms.

Baptists reject Bryant

Southern Baptists voted 2-to-1 against Anita Bryant in mid-June when the orange juice peddler and anti-gay fanatic tried to become that church's vice president.

While Bryant told Southern Baptists that "1000 former homosexuals" had written to thank her for helping them "see" their wickedness, more than 2000 gay rights supporters demonstrated outside.

--INS/Free for All

New KKK attacks gays

More than 100 teen-age boys reportedly have organized Ku Klux Klan chapters at two high schools in Oklahoma City and are waging a campaign of terror against gays, according to an Associated Press release.

"We are not just against blacks like the old Klan," one youth told the AP. "We are against gays and the clubs that support them, and are going to try to shut them down because this activity is morally and socially wrong."

The boys were quoted as saying that

in late November they used baseball bats in an organized attack on patrons at a club catering to gays. In that incident several people were injured, tires slashed, and cars vandalized. The youths also claimed responsibility for the vandalizing of a large number of autos at a gay meeting spot. No one was injured in that incident.

One boy was quoted as saying, "The only people we won't let in are girls, blacks, Jews, or dope smokers. We might consider Catholics if the time comes."

--GPU news

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Stone's secret:

"I'd say half the people who buy new cars don't know what the hell hit 'em." The salesperson who made this statement knows what hit 'em, though: Don Stone Ford's eight-step system for pushing cars.

This system is outlined in a manual for salespeople to memorize and practice until perfect. The salesperson we interviewed attributes Don Stone Ford's success (DSF sells more cars than any other downstate lot) to this system.

Here are the eight things Don Stone Ford salespeople have to do; if you buy a car there after you read this, at least you'll know what hit you:

1. The first step is to greet the customer. The salespeople are supposed to gain rapport, get on a first-name basis with you, and check out clues to your personality and beliefs so they don't offend you. For instance, if you have a Honk If You Love Jesus bumper sticker, the salesperson is supposed to pick up on it and not use four-letter words.

2. Qualify the customer. In this step, they see if you're a serious buyer. The salesperson we interviewed said the system encourages salespeople to "find out what they (the customers) want--not necessarily what they think they want or what they tell you they want. They may come in saying they want a station wagon, but if you notice they really look over a Mustang II, you know that's what they're going to buy." DSF salespeople also find out how you stand financially. They ask what kind of payments you now make on your car, how many more you have to pay, where you work, etc. This is so the salesperson doesn't waste time on someone who no bank will risk financing. In this step, also, the DSF salesperson figures out which member of a couple is the dominant force in making the buying decision, and makes sure that the customer has the power to make the decision

without asking anyone who's not present (for instance, they find out whether a married man can buy a car without his wife's approval).

3. Land the customer on a car on the lot. The salesperson gets you set on a specific car by picking up on your statements and subtle hints (like what you lovingly eye). The salesperson helps you make up your mind. Our source says, "It's easiest with a weak person. If somebody doesn't know what they want, we tell them what they want."

4. The demonstration ride. The salesperson we interviewed thinks this is a key to the DSF system. First, the salesperson starts the car and drives it around a long block, while explaining its special features like cruise control.

They don't do this just so you can enjoy the ride. Our source says that many new cars, with low compression and catalytic converters, are hard as hell to get going and feel funny to drive while they're cold. "They don't want the customer to start the car." After it's warmed up, the salesperson lets you drive. If you need another person's approval to buy the car, they use the demonstration drive to go get the other person who's needed. Since this other person is often a family member--a husband, wife, or parent--the drive often takes you home, where the salesperson makes use of a clever psychological ploy. Encouraging you to pull up in your driveway, the salesperson hopes that the neighbors see the shiny new car. If the neighbors ask, the salesperson will tell them that this is your new car. Our interviewee said, "You say it jokingly, of course, but it really does have its effect."

5. Get the present car appraised. The appraisers at car lots basically just classify the condition of your car as rough, average, above average, or excellent.

Then the appraiser looks the year and make up in a "black book" which comes out every week and tells what a car like yours in similar condition sold for last week in Illinois. But that's not the figure the DSF salesperson will tell you, most likely.

The salesperson will tell you a higher figure. They've found that while 75% of the cars people bring in are just average, everyone thinks they've taken such great care of their car that it should be above average or excellent. Also, many people shop around for the lot which will give them the best trade-in allowance on their old car, not which will give the lowest price on a new one.

It doesn't cost Don Stone Ford anything to make you feel good about getting a high trade-in figure. DSF knows you're not going to pay the full sticker price and the salesperson already figures to give up a chunk of that sticker price in the bargaining process. So what they do is take that chunk, and add it to the true black book appraisal of your car, and tell you that's your trade-in allowance.

So if you're looking at a new car with a \$7500 sticker, and they truly appraise your old car at \$1000, they're going to tell you your appraisal is \$1500 and try to sell you the new car for \$7000. It's just the same as if they gave you the real \$1000 trade-in allowance and then sold you the new car for \$6500, but at this point you're just thinking about how much you're getting on trade-in. You're happier with Don Stone Ford and the higher appraisal.

If you're buying a used car, they pad the appraisal this way: The salesperson sees the code on the window of the used car you want that says DSF got the car for \$3000. Instead of saying that the car sells for \$4000 (the standard \$1000 mark-up on used

MUTT AND JEFF



cpf

How to turn a person into a

The DSF salesperson we interviewed (we'll call him Joe) worked at Don Stone Ford for seven months. When he left, there were 22 salespeople and only three of them had been there longer than he had.

Joe told us that DSF always has too many salespeople all in fierce competition for buyers. He says, "Salesmen have tripped each other, gotten into fistfights," over who got to approach a customer.

He said that they'll break their necks to answer the phone in the salesroom, and he recounted an incident in which one salesperson smashed the receiver into another's mouth when he tried to grab the phone.

How does Don Stone get such enthusiastic salespeople?

He doesn't pay them.

All the sales personnel are on straight commission--they get only a percentage of the total price they sell a car for. As Joe pointed out, this way, even if DSF gets only a couple sales from each extra salesperson, it makes a profit--because the salesperson doesn't get a salary.



Sometimes the salespeople resort to tricks to cut down the competition. Joe told us that if they approach a customer and figure that the person is poor or unemployed and not likely to buy or get financed, the salesperson will say, "I have an appointment in a few minutes, but Jane Smith here will be glad to help you," thus sticking Jane Smith to wander around the lot with a deadbeat for a while and forcing her out of the runnings.

No cooperation among sales personnel is encouraged at Don Stone Ford. There's no taking turns at approaching customers to insure equal chances for sales. In many car lots, commissions are split if two salespeople are involved in the deal: the person who shows the car one day may get 70% of the commission, and the person who writes it up the next day may get 30%.

But at Stone's, the person who closes the deal gets the whole commission, even if all they do is write up the sale. The original salesperson may not be on the lot or may be busy with another customer when the buyer comes in to close the deal, and that's just too bad. This is one reason that customers get heavy pressure to sign the papers the same day they look at a car.

8 steps to suck~~er~~ success

cars), they will say that the car sells for \$4500 or \$5000, so they can offer you more for your old car. (Sometimes people complain that they talk to 2 or 3 different salespeople about the same car and don't hear the same price twice: the reason is the different amounts of padding different salespeople do on the appraisal.)

6. Write-up. At this step, everything goes down on paper. If you're an astute reader, you've noticed that you've never yet said, "Yes, I want this car." Part of the DSF system is to ram you through these steps without giving you an appropriate place to say, "Whoa, wait a minute!" Our source asserts that "50% of the people who buy cars there sit down the next day and say, 'What the hell did I do?'"

For the write-up the salesperson sits you down in an office, offers you soda or coffee, and hustles off to a sales manager, closing the door on you. The salesperson tells the sales manager everything they've found out about you, and the sales manager fills out a worksheet with these items listed on it:

- 1) The fake appraisal figure of your old car.
- 2) The sticker price of the new car (or the asking price for a used car, which is \$1000 over what Don Stone paid for it) unless it's on sale.
- 3) The difference between the two: if you're trading in a car with a padded appraisal of \$1000 for a car with a sticker price of \$7000, this figure would be \$6000.
- 4) Suggestions for financing plans: down payments, how many payments at how much per payment, etc.

The salesperson brings this worksheet to you in the office and hopes that you okay it, but only one out of twenty customers takes the deal without haggling, which is done in step #7.

7. Closing. The salesperson tries to figure out what the customer's objection to the deal is: whether it's the down payment, the size of payments, or what. Then they try to talk you out of each objection. If they can't, they have no authority to lower the price. They have to ask the sales manager. This way, they can say, "Gee whiz, I don't know if I can get a better price, but I'll try." Then the salesperson goes to the sales manager, who lowers the price just a little, and the salesperson brings it back to you acting like you're lucky to get such generosity (while really the salesperson and sales manager have been discussing how much they can possibly get from you).

This process is repeated a few times. It's called "callousing": getting you prepared to pay more than you intended to pay in the first place.

In DSF's system, the salesperson doesn't consider the fairness of the sales tactics. Some techniques play on the customer's guilt. "If somebody says, all these figures look real nice, I really like the car, but I just gotta sleep on it (or I gotta look around some more), the salesperson says, You've taken about four or five hours of my time here, and I've completely devoted myself to finding the car for you, here, sign right here," making you feel like you've been a jerk to waste their time.

Another Don Stone Ford technique salespeople use on reluctant customers is to start asking if it's something personal: if the salesperson is black, for instance, they'll suggest that your hesitation is due to the fact that they're black, or a woman salesperson will suggest that it's because she's female. They hope that you'll buy the car to prove your lack of prejudice.

The salespeople are taught that if they let you get out of that office without signing the papers, they'll lose the sale. You must buy the car before you think about it too hard, because the whole purpose of the system is to get you not only to buy a car, but to buy it for more than you really wanted to spend.

If the salesperson can't get you to sign, they move on to step #8.

8. Help. The sales manager comes into the office. This person is "an old pro, with a super strong personality." They use even harder-sell techniques. Our source said, "If somebody's weak, they're dead."

The process here is called "hammering." The sales manager pound, pound, pounds the customer, and may throw politeness aside. The reasoning is that if they make you mad and you stomp out, they were going to lose the sale anyway, so there's really no risk.

This is the Don Stone Ford System, and every salesperson uses it. Much of it seems just common sense, but making it into a step-by-step process makes it much more deadly. The salesperson we interviewed was good at it, and DSF wanted him to move up, "but I just didn't have the heart for that kind of stuff," he admitted.

sales machine

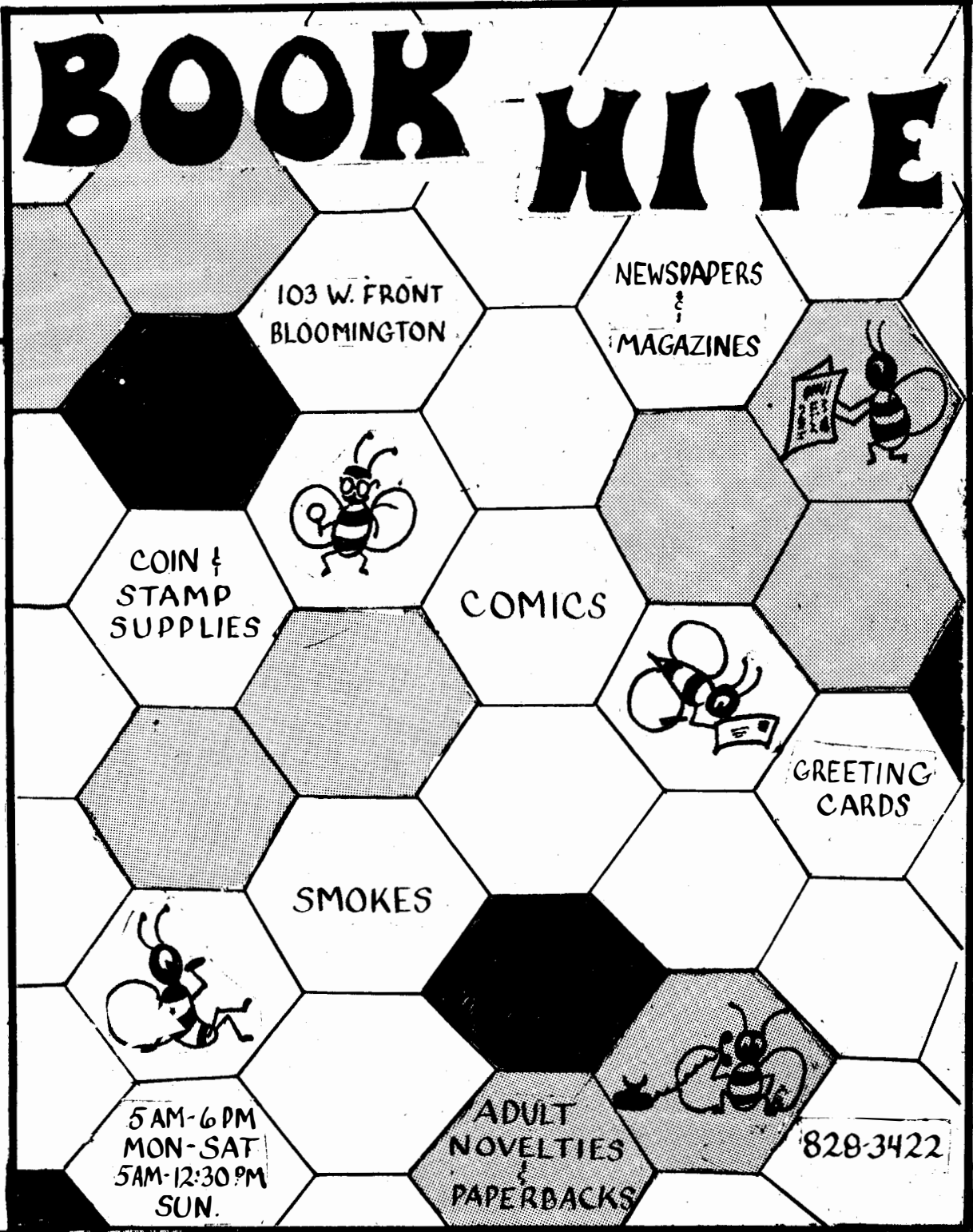
The high turnover is due partly to anxiety produced by the stiff competition, and partly to the large number of firings. If a salesperson doesn't sell a car for a week, they're fired.

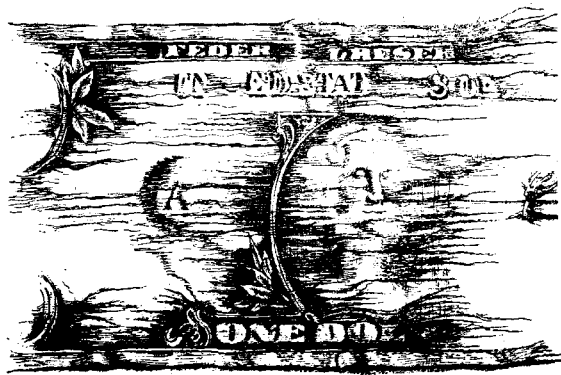
This pressure to sell has a direct effect on the customer who's buying a used car. Joe was a good salesperson, and never had to worry about his quota; therefore, he'd try to steer people away from junky cars. But he says, "Some salespeople would sell people cars that were just terrible--that would need a new transmission a week later, a \$500 repair, something like that."

These salespeople no doubt didn't like selling junk, but had to in order to keep their jobs. "Run outa steam for a coupla weeks, and they can you," summarized Joe.

According to Joe, DSF never turns back an odometer, but they don't do much else, either. "Generally, they don't do anything to the used cars. Clean'em up, and park 'em." Sometimes they'll fix appearance flaws on a really nice used car, since most people buy cars mainly by appearance.

So the customer never knows whether the salesperson is just selling a car, or saving a job at any cost. And each salesperson knows, as Joe says, "There's always plenty of other people who need that job."





DSF's sham contests

If anything can be sleazier than Don Stone Ford's sales techniques, it's Don Stone Ford's contests.

Remember when you got a card in the mail from DSF with a metal key attached to it? The rap promised that your key might open one of two padlocks on cars at the DSF showroom. If it did, you won the use of the car for a week, or some such thrilling prize.

No one won. Steve Dennison, general manager of DSF, admitted at a sales meeting that they never got around to sending out the ten winning keys (five for each padlock).

Our source, who was a salesperson at the time, said that DSF made one or two car sales a day from people who came in just to try their keys in the padlocks, which were placed so that people had to walk across DSF's showroom to get to them. These people would not otherwise have even looked at new cars.

Another fringe benefit DSF got from the contest was a file of potential customers. People who tried their keys also got to enter a drawing. On the entry card, you had to write what kind of car you currently drove, thus giving DSF valuable information to use in future sales promotions--

for instance, if you were driving a 1971 car, they could send you a letter this year reminding you that your car is aging and inviting you to DSF.

Another heavily publicized contest invited people to come guess how many Big Mac boxes were crammed in a Fairmont on the DSF lot. The closest guesser was to win a prize of \$500.

Dennison announced the winner to DSF workers at a sales meeting. The winner was a customer who our source knew. Later, he found out that she was never notified that she won the contest, and she never received the \$500 prize.

Again, our source estimates that DSF made one or two extra sales a day to people who came in just for the contest.

Our source is also very suspicious about how the big drawings are conducted. He says that the winner of the drawing from the key promo just happened to be a man from Heyworth who buys 3 or 4 vehicles a year at Don Stone Ford, and the winner of a drawing for a Jeep Golden Eagle at DSF in Peoria just happened to be Denny Stone, Don's son. When we found this hard to believe, our source chuckled, "Oh, yes it could be a coincidence...sure, it could be."

How Don

You may be curious about just how much money Don Stone Ford makes on each car they sell. If you just consider the profit margin--the difference between what DSF pays for a car and what the sticker price is--it doesn't seem exorbitant.

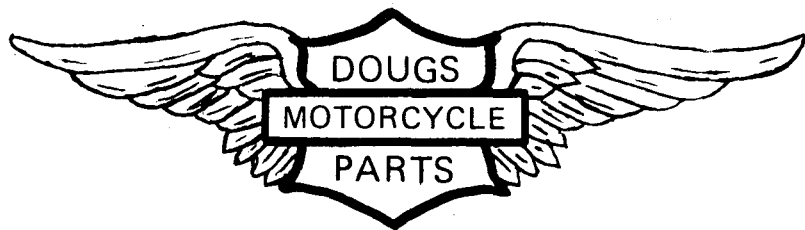
On small cars, like Pintos and Chevettes, you can never haggle a salesperson down too far from the sticker price, because the markup is only 3-5%. The highest markup is on a car like an LTD with lots of options, on which the sticker price will be about 19 1/2% higher than the invoice. Other cars' markups are strung out between these extremes. On new trucks, DSF charges \$2000 over the invoice price.

Considering that items like clothing and food are marked up 100% for retail sales, and necessities like rolling papers and hash pipes are marked up 300% or more, the new car markup seems low.

But Don Stone isn't in business for his health (or yours). There is a lot of money yet to come after they get that sticker price.

First, there's the interest on the loan. When you buy a car at DSF, you sign a sales contract that calls for so many payments at so much percent, totalling so many dollars. DSF sells this contract to, say, Corn Belt Bank for cash. Corn Belt gives DSF the price of the car loan plus half the interest they'll collect over the years, and Don Stone Ford has no more to do with the transaction: the car is owned by the buyer and the bank.

So if the interest on your loan over the years will total \$500, Corn Belt will get \$250 of it and DSF will get \$250 of it.



1105 W. WASHINGTON ST.
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Summer Close-out Sale!

750 Honda oil cooler--1 only
Was \$39.95, Now \$27.50
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New Harley drag pipes, all
models--List \$39.95,
Now \$29.95
1 set BSA 650 TT pipes, new,
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1 set Tri 500 TT pipes, new,
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1 set early Sportster fork
tubes, 6", used--Now \$25
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Stone Ford makes big bucks

Now, you could go directly to Corn Belt and get the loan yourself, without going through DSF. You would end up paying about the same amount of interest, but Corn Belt would get all of it instead of only half of it. Needless to say, your sales manager will discourage you from arranging the loan yourself.

The banks that work with DSF are willing to take the loss of half the interest in exchange for the convenience and extra business they get from the arrangement.

DSF's salesperson tries to find a bank that will be willing to buy your sales contract--that is, that trusts you to pay back the loan regularly. If you work at Caterpillar, Eureka, or Modine, they barely have to check--they know your credit's good at any bank.

But if you're financially shaky, they might call several banks. One source explained, as a last resort, "We might call up at ten till five, get hold of the loan manager, say, hey, this guy looks pretty good, and he'll say oh, okay, I'll buy it." They get the loan manager to buy the contract without a credit report, because they know that's the only way it'll get bought.

After you sign the papers, there's still more money to pay. First, the salesperson says, "Well, you know our new car warranties are only good for 12 months or 12,000 miles, but you know I can warrant your car for 36 months/36,000 miles? It's only \$139 extra." The warranty is \$25 deductible, and doesn't cover maintenance, or things like the clutch of a standard shift car; in fact, our source says, "If you blow an engine, it's

a good deal." It'll pay for a valve job, but the car shouldn't need a valve job in the first three years unless something went wrong at the factory.

Almost every buyer buys the extra warranty.

Then the salesperson starts talking about the ravages of the salted streets in the winter on your car's body. They have two sample hoods, both subjected to the salt mixture that Normal uses on its streets. One is grungy, and rusted, but the other one is shiny and perfect--it's been treated with ECP rustproofing. And the job is guaranteed for 5 years, adds \$100 to the resale price of the car, and so on.

And you can get your car rustproofed right there at Don Stone Ford for only \$139 more.

It's a good idea to rust proof a new car, but K-mart does exactly the same thing for \$40, our source said.

Almost every new car buyer buys a rust proofing job from Don Stone Ford.

Then you go on to the finance officer to finish the money transactions. And the finance officer says, "Did you know that you could die tomorrow of a heart attack and not be able to make these payments? Or you could get injured at work?" Don Stone Ford, luckily, has a Credit Life and Disability Policy that will make the payments for you in such a case; thus, your loved ones won't have to run out and get jobs to keep up the car payments.

DSF will sell you \$5000 worth of this term insurance for \$300.

It should cost \$5 or less. One standard figure for such coverage is \$1 per \$1000 worth. In fact, credit unions throw it in on loans free, the 1st National Bank of Peoria throws it in free, and a lot of banks in Bloomington will throw it in on the loan if you ask them.

But almost everybody buys the Credit Life and Disability Policy from Don Stone Ford. (The insurance company splits the take 50/50 with DSF.)

So here's what you've added since you signed the papers:

Extra Warranty:	\$139
Rust job:	139
Insurance:	300
Total	\$578



But if you had \$578 extra jingling around in your pockets, you've already used it in the down payment. But don't worry, DSF will finance that \$578 for you at the same rate as your loan--and collect interest on it. So the extra \$578 adds about \$50-60 onto the finance charges, and Don Stone Ford gets \$25-30 of it (the bank gets the other half).

Have you thought about taking the bus?

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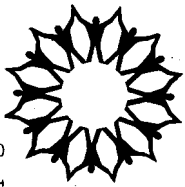
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DEMONSTRATORS SAY. . .

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The Sun Spot

by B.C.
P.O. Box 463
Bloomington, Ill. 61701

On Saturday, June 24, about a dozen bicyclers gathered at the Bloomington Courthouse, cheered on by forty onlookers. Petitions pinned to the bikers' backs read "NO NUKES!" in big red letters. In small letters, the petitions asked Illinois Power to close down the Clinton nuclear power plant and turn towards safe, responsible forms of energy. The Prairie Alliance had collected over 2300 signatures regionally on this petition, and groups from Bloomington-Normal, Champaign-Urbana, Springfield, Mason City, and Clinton marched, biked or rode from their home towns to Weldon Springs State Park, ten miles from the Clinton nuke, for a rally.

The Bloomington bikers left the courthouse at 8:30 Saturday morning, while TV cameras whirled, people cheered, and Illinois Power Company's undercover agent took notes. The route followed Bunn Street south along a scenic 36-mile route. There was only one breakdown--me. My chain jammed on a set screw that was deeper than usual since I had taken the child seat off the night before. But, with the assistance of Greg Stoewer, who (along with Ralph Dring) followed the bikers, the bike recovered and the hike continued.

There were definitely two kinds of bikers that day: those that could and those that couldn't. The latter

were my type. The former, who became known as the Vitesse group, easily made it there and back. The rest of us needed a little help in Greg's van, about midway. Greg gave us a five or six mile headstart on the Vitesse group and let us out about six miles from the rally. Before we had gone more than three miles, however, the Vitesse group was back in front again. Oh well. It was nice to finally get there.

The rally featured speakers from all the cities involved: Jacqui Tippel from Bloomington; Sam Day, editor of the Progressive magazine; and Skip Laitner, former editor of the Critical Mass Journal. It was a hot, steamy day, and folks baked in the sun to hear the words about nuclear power. The children had the right idea--they played under the water faucet. Kristen Lems pleased the crowd by playing some anti-nuclear songs. Throughout the rally, hikers and bikers from around central Illinois continued to dribble in, carrying petitions.

After the rally, a caravan of 40-some vehicles formed up funeral-style to solemnly deliver the petitions to the site of the Clinton Atomic power plant, where Illinois Power Company said it would be sure not to be. As it turned out, atomic power plants all over the country were shut down on Saturday, June 24, to avoid conflicts between atomic workers and anti-nuclear protesters. (Demonstrations happened all over the country on June 24.)

The Clinton nuke funeral procession parked along Route 10 near the plant's main gate. Two hundred people formed up three abreast to walk the last half-mile or so to the plant's locked chain-link gate,

to an empty chair with the name of Wendell Kelly (President of Illinois Power) on it. The protesters filed by, each with a petition of twenty-five names or so, and placed the petitions in a stack on the chair. As they slowly walked the hot, sticky asphalt road, the protesters sang out clearly, saying "Wendell Kelly, Wendell Kelly, Can't you hear? Can't you hear? We won't let you build it! We won't let you build it! Is that clear? Is that clear?"

Protesters disagreed about what to do with the 2300 petition signatures since Illinois Power was going out of its way to avoid receiving them. One faction felt that since the petitions were addressed to IP, they should be sent there, care of Wendell Kelly. Another faction felt that the petitions would only wind up in the waste basket, so what's the use? A third faction felt they would wind up in IP's domestic surveillance file, along with the photos that men in dark glasses on the other side of the chain-link fence took. A fourth faction, mainly from Bloomington, felt the petitions should go to the Illinois Commerce Commission, because they will make the decision to close down the plant, not IP. Further, the petitions would underscore IP's unresponsiveness to the public and pave the way for Prairie Alliance's legal intervention later this summer, when IP's planned 15% rate hike will be opposed before the ICC. In the end, the originals were sent to IP and copies to ICC.

sewhere on June 24

June 24 was the date for the rally at the Clinton nuke, because it coincided with a huge rally at the site of the once-planned Seabrook, New Hampshire, atomic power plant.

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FRI & SAT, 18th & 19th -- KOKO TAYLOR AND NEW BLUES MACHINE
THURS 24th -- HAVANA DUCKS
FRI & SAT 25th & 26th -- JIM SCHWALL BAND



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than radioactive tomorrow

15,000 people thronged onto an 18-acre town dump near the plant to demonstrate against the plant. The demonstration was legal, so those who did not wish to be arrested could participate. Like the Positive Energy Convention we had in central Illinois, the Clamshell Alliance put on an alternative energy exhibition at the site, to show that there are safer, saner, cheaper and more responsible sources of energy than atomic power. Speakers included Pete Seeger, Dr. John Gofman, Sara Nelson of NOW, Barry Commoner, Dr. Benjamin Spock, Dick Gregory, and Amory Lovins. Music by Jackson Browne, Pete Seeger, and Utah Phillips, among others, made it a pleasant day.

Other demonstrations included the following: In Satslop, Washington, 1300 people of the Crabshell Alliance staged the first occupation of the twin 1100-megawatt nukes planned there. In Burlington, Kansas, 1000 rallied against the Wolf Creek nuke. The Bailly Alliance gathered 200 protesters to oppose the Bailly, Illinois, nuke and to hear Sidney Lens of the Progressive magazine. In Miami, the Conchshell Alliance rallied against nuclear waste transport through the port

of Miami.

Near Limerick, PA, 40 people walked 37 miles on a "safe energy walk" to join a rally of 300 folks opposing two 1100-megawatt plants that are 40% complete. The Philadelphia-based group directing that protest is called the Keystone Alliance.

Closer to home, the newly-formed Sinnissippi Alliance in Rockford, IL, turned out 200 people at Lowden Memorial State Park to oppose the Byron, IL, nuke and nuclear waste storage at Sheffield and Morris, IL. Their rally included a balloon launch like the one the Prairie Alliance carried off this spring.

In Manchester, NH, 2,000 people marched four abreast, completely encircling the county courthouse where members of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission were considering the arguments for stopping construction of the 10% complete Seabrook atomic power plant. Their decision? Close it down!!! Right now (July 21)!! The crowd went wild! The vote was 2 to 1. If they want to build it, they'll have to find another site and another

cooling system. Wherever they go, though, there will be concerned citizens rising up to oppose it. I doubt that the plant will ever be built now. I hope, with a little luck, that we will have the same success with the Clinton nuke. Shut it down!



Protesting bicyclers make a final check of their equipment prior to their ride to Clinton. A small band of onlookers try to conserve their energy, before cheering the nuke protestors on their way.



Gen Tel provides a convenient perch for these unusually cheerful demonstrators.

Clinton higher-ups unqualified

An anonymous undated xeroxed letter addressed to no one with no return address arrived at the Prairie Alliance the other day. It was from "an energy conscious consumer watchdog group" that is "extremely concerned about Illinois Power Company's Power Plant in Clinton." It referred to the 51 "precious, skilled human beings" recently killed by faulty construction techniques at the Willow Island nuke in West Virginia, and expressed fear that such accidents can be expected at Clinton.

According to the letter-writer, the shockingly poor quality of work going into the Clinton plant is the result of "poor management and engineering," which is a result of the contractor (Baldwin Associates) choosing personnel for critical positions more on the basis of the buddy system than on engineering competence.

The letter, apparently written by someone very familiar with the inside story at Clinton, claimed that "Baldwin's chief engineer and his assistants do not have the mechanical engineering degrees necessary to handle the critical pressure components on which thousands of lives will depend." In particular, the writer cites a March 1978 reorganization with Baldwin which promoted "several unqualified yes-men to responsible positions, despite advice to the contrary from well-qualified individuals, causing some of the well-qualified individuals to resign, thus leaving more room for management yes-men." A list of six names of such individuals was included. Personal checking by phone corroborated the truth of the letter, although the individuals listed did not admit to knowing who wrote the letter in question. The group will go public on Labor Day. Expect some fireworks about then.

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Energy meets elements at convention

Around about midnight on Saturday, June 17, the participants in the first annual Positive Energy Convention weren't altogether sure it would be a success. The wind howled and the rain pelted down. Campers got drenched and the wind almost carried off the big green party tent, but by Sunday afternoon, success was in the air.

Saturday morning, exhibitors that had not set up Friday evening began to stream in. Exhibits included a variety of solar water heating systems, space heating systems, do-it-yourself projects, insulation, federal and state displays on renewable energy, and a good variety of arts and crafts, even a wood-fueled pottery firing Saturday afternoon.

The sky flashed with lightning and roared with thunder about 11:00 Saturday night. Then the rain and the wind hit with a fury, rocking the old VW bus my family and I were trying to sleep in. Sleep was out of the question, so we watched out the rain-streaked windows as the storm tore and battered at the tents pitched around us.



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vol. 7 no. 3
page 24

Mark Chaddon's exterior skeleton nylon umbrella tent was the first casualty. The 50 mph winds drove the rain right through the skin of the tent, drenching its inhabitants and driving them out to spend the night in the car. Next, the wind lifted a heavy eight-foot table that had been leaning against the old oak tree on top of Rodeo Hill and deposited it on Tim Piper's tent, inches from his head. Tim spurted out of the tent and spent the rest of the night in the front seat of the VW bus.

Charlie Bates of Interphase had rented a 16' by 20' party tent with sidewalls to protect his Model A Ford and his infrared scanner from the elements. About 11:30 Saturday night the storm ripped out a huge oaken stake at the northwest corner, and soon the tent was billowing up like a parachute, ready to fly. Only the frantic efforts of Charlie, Larry Knuth and others to tie the tent corner to a truck saved the night. For a while only keeping the truck in reverse could hold down the tent. Within an hour or so, the storm abated. It was followed later by a drenching downpour, but that was a relief compared to the earlier storm. By morning, the sky was clear and we were all ready for Sunday.

Over in the Rec Hall on Sunday, the Singing Harris Family belted out some gospel rock to an enthusiastic crowd, but some of the Convention exhibitors felt a little shortchanged, since the exhibit time really came down to the time between noon and 3 PM, the only time the Harrises were not singing. Denise O'Brien, whose exhibit of wallhangings and macra-weave was more portable than the others, just moved down to Rodeo Hill for the day.

The crowds started streaming in on Sunday afternoon, to the delight of the exhibitors. Dr. Yahya Safdari of Sun Systems, Inc., of Eureka sponsored two Grumman Sun Runs. Each was a footrace of 0.8 miles. The first race was for non-fathers, and the second for fathers only, since it was Fathers' Day. The winner of each race received a certificate worth \$350 towards the purchase of a solar water heating system from Sun Systems. There were more than enough certificates of accomplishment to hand out--even Tim Piper

and BC, who came in tied for dead last in the fathers' run, got certificates. The certificates said in part, "the individual named above has shown a superior ability to translate the power of the sun into demonstrable action, and thereby deserves all the accolades and respect of the community for outstanding fortitude, perseverance, and skill. May the Sun Force be with you throughout your journey on Mother Earth."

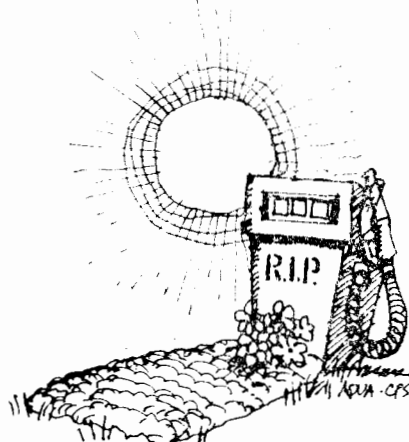
Not to be outdone, Shiree Vaughn of Solar-Ray Systems, Inc., of Peoria offered a drawing for a free installation on a solar space heating system purchased from her company. Brad Guidy of Alternatives and More also got into the game by holding a drawing for a free hammock made by the cooperative community of Twin Oaks. The game-like atmosphere was continued on Rodeo Hill by Randy Switchtenberg of Funk's Activity Association, who led a group of people in New Games, cooperative games in which all can play and nobody loses. Some of the games played were Parachute Ball, Dragon's Tail, Hunker-Hauser and Go-Tag.

Music was provided by Dallas McGee and Tim Piper. Dallas played mellow rock while Tim followed up with a solo act that included such haunting favorites as Jackson Browne's "Before the Deluge," a particularly appropriate selection for a gathering like the Positive Energy Convention.

One by one, people packed up their exhibits and pulled out late Sunday afternoon. Soon the P.E.C. was only a vivid memory, a reminder of what can be if we just set our minds to it and cooperate with one another. Old R.J. Hunnicutt, who smokes Malboros, wears a cowboy hat,

and serves on the local sheriff's posse, stopped by at the end to congratulate the Convention for being "an extraordinarily clean group." The grounds were as clean and pretty as they were before we came, as they should be.

We like to believe that the people who made the first annual Positive Energy Convention a success have a deep reverence and respect for Mother Earth. Some of the participants, like the Prairie Alliance For Safe Energy Alternatives, have translated this respect into a drive to protect Mother Earth from those that would callously threaten her. It is as Jackson Browne says, "Some of them were angry at the way the Earth was abused/By the men who learned to forge her beauty into



The P.E.C. was not only fun and educational, it was also a chance for the exhibitors to get to know each other and their interests. Many exhibitors came back with more than sunburn. The Prairie Alliance came back with a new chapter in Peoria. Denise O'Brien found an outlet for her macra-weave. Jem-Sol of Springfield found a better supplier of collector components--Sunduit. Many exhibitors came back with what they wanted: a list of concerned people interested in doing something responsible for their own energy needs.

The Second Annual Positive Energy Convention will be scheduled next summer. Keep in touch with the Sun Force, and we'll see you next year!

by B.C.
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Gay Pride Parade attracts local marchers

On Sunday, June 25, five members of the Bloomington-Normal Men's Group went to Chicago, where we met a former member, to participate in the Gay Pride Parade.

The parade was the final event in the Gay and Lesbian Pride Week 1978, which ran from June 16 to June 25. The activities of the preceding week included a candlelight vigil, a picnic, a number of workshops and speakers, an interfaith religious service, a Mr. Windy City contest, an open Town Hall Meeting, and a dance. The Pride Week theme was "Our Time Has Come."

Gay and Lesbian Pride Week is celebrated annually in every major city in the country. These Pride Weeks grew out of the 1969 Stonewall riots, a reaction to police harassment in New York that has become the Boston Tea Party of the gay liberation movement. Events in the anniversary of Stonewall grew over the years into the present week-long series of programs and demonstrations of gay solidarity.

The members of the B-N Men's Group wanted to take part in this year's march as an expression of our support of gay rights and our kinship with gay women and men everywhere. We wanted to experience the fun and the political excitement that come from a mass display of "blatant" homosexuality.

Our expectations were not disappointed. Even though it rained heavily on our way to Chicago, the weather cleared by 1 p.m. and the parade began on time. (If god was on their side, we decided, she/he/it apparently didn't want to miss the amusing sight of thousands of gay people making a spectacle of themselves.)

And visibility did seem to be the keynote of the day. Gay people in all states of dress and undress were everywhere (some with signs that aggressively proclaimed "We Are Everywhere"). Many of the floats were sponsored by bars and discos in Chicago; they were generally bedecked with men, some in full drag, others in very skimpy nylon briefs.

Not all the drag costumes were commercially exploitative, however. Many of the men in women's clothing mocked the stereotypes of femininity by exaggerating their bustlines and otherwise calling attention to the absurdities of so-called female fashions. One especially stunning instance of gender-f**k was the man in the elegant gray limousine whose stylish dress of glorious white feathers was smartly set off by his well-trimmed beard.

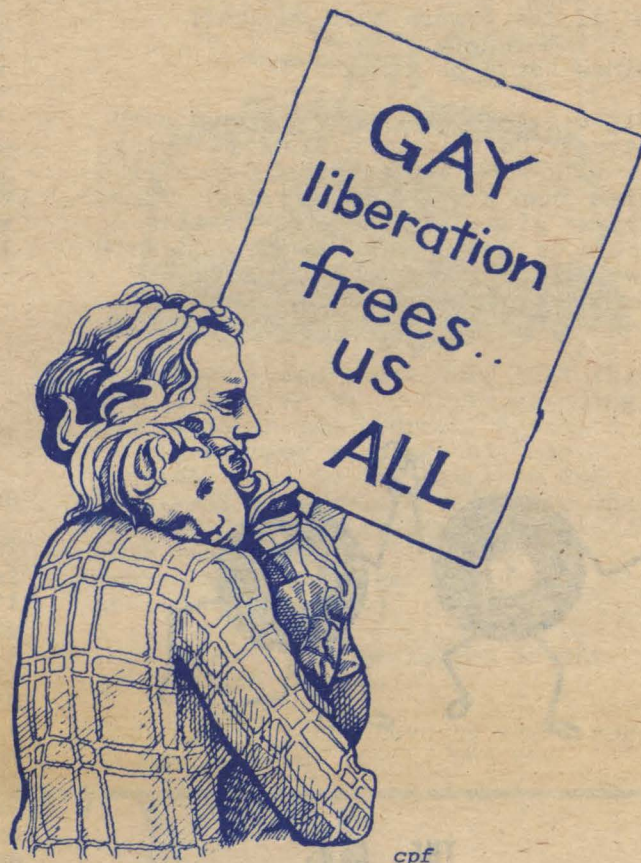
Another particularly humorous example of sexual satire was staged by a group which called themselves Latino Housewives, Local 68. They carried a lavender banner and dressed as typical domestics, complete with aprons, bandanas around the head, and the carpet sweepers in hand: most of them also had dark mustaches and hairy legs.

Although we didn't have a theatrical act worked out, the six of us "flaunted" our socially unacceptable love and affection for one another (and for members of the same sex in general) by linking arms and holding hands as we marched down Clark Street on the way to Lincoln Park.

Behind us was a group of lesbians from Milwaukee who had come to Chicago on a chartered bus. Since they had been drinking beer on the way, they were in raucous good spirits--they led our section of the parade in

chants ("3-5-7-9, Lesbians are mighty fine") and songs ("When the queers go marchin' in..."), and we happily joined in.

While much of this behavior seemed frivolous, we understood how important it is, both personally and politically, for gay people to proclaim openly that they are proud and glad to be gay. And we were reminded of just how serious a public declaration of gayness can be: some gay school teachers wore masks to emphasize the danger they face in exercising their Constitutional rights of free speech and association.



There were many other outright expressions of political awareness. Groups such as the Gay Socialists and the National Gay Task Force marched along with community groups (Peoria, Iowa City, Indiana) and representatives

of religious organizations (the gay Catholic group, Dignity, included some priests in traditional costume).

One of the strongest political statements of the day was made by the yellow stars which most marchers wore on their arms. They symbolized the gay community's sympathy with the anti-Nazi demonstration which was supposed to have taken place in Skokie on the same day. In fact, one group, the Stonewall Brigade, had announced its intention to march in Skokie in opposition to the Nazis.

Anti-fascist sentiments were also expressed in various signs and T-shirts that spoke out against Mrs. Bob Green (a.k.a. Anita Bryant) and her hypocritically Christian campaign of hate and oppression.

Much of the personal thrill of taking part in this parade came not from the participants, but from the thousands of onlookers. (Just how many saw and participated, we don't know. The Pantagraph and the Chicago Tribune both failed to carry any stories on the march; the Peoria paper, though, did report that 240,000 took part in the San Francisco parade.)

We were amazed and encouraged by the crowds of people who lined the streets to watch. They often applauded and waved, some blew kisses and cheered, everybody seemed to be smiling and enjoying the event. For a couple of hours there were total acceptance and shared joy, without any hint of hostility or rejection. It was all right to love one another--no one had to endure taunts and jeers or worry about being busted for lewd behavior. (Even some of the cops who were there to control traffic chatted amiably with marchers and seemed to enjoy our antics.)

We came back to B-N knowing, of course, that we'd once again have to confront a much more unpleasant reality. But we also carried back some strength and a lot of good feelings about ourselves. We had demonstrated our solidarity with gay people and affirmed the right of all people to be themselves.

Looking for gay male or lesbian magazines?



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IG=Illinois Green
M=Mexican
C=Columbian
H=Hawaiian

MAX WEBSTER

Max Webster-Mutiny Up My Sleeve-
Capitol ST 11776

These guys are back for a third try and they're getting better every time. Variety carries Kim Mitchell's guitar from biting to gentle at a moment's notice. The compelling keyboard work of Terry Watkinson sets the pace for "Astonish Me", a genuinely mellow masterpiece. The music is often unusual, occasionally inspired. This is creative, if erratic, rock'n'roll. Insane lyricist Pye Dubois adds the final touch, as in "Beyond the Moon":

"acid warped the global fetus
like the bourgeois look at feel
and cadillacs
two thousand years we crossed up Jesus
thinking he'd make ends meet
christ no"

WARNING: This album should not
be handled by Andy Gibb fans.

* H *

TRB

Tom Robinson Band-Power in, the
Darkness-Harvest STB 11778

Charisma. It almost seems like too much. Outspokenly supportive of the gay revolution, lyrics dripping with political activism, an album cover which sports a 'Rock Against Racism' sticker, tall and good looking, and the guy can play rock'n'roll, too. Since their pro-gay stand helped them gain public prominence and their political involvement endeared them to the British press, it is ironic that TRB's first hit, "2-4-6-8-Motorway," is a straight ahead rocker with meaningless lyrics. The rest of the two LP set, however, fairly roars revolution, with cuts like 'Ain't Gonna Take It,' 'Up Against the Wall,' 'Better Decide Which Side You're On,' 'You Gotta Survive,' and 'Power in the Darkness.' In addition, each of the aforementioned cuts is a top-notch rocker. Robinson's voice is compelling in an almost religious manner--somewhere between Billy Graham and Bruce Springsteen in his prime. The band is good. Robinson sums up his own feelings in a New Musical Express interview:

"Politics isn't party broadcasts and general elections,...it's everyday life for everyone who hasn't got a cushy job or rich parents. I got no illusions about the political left any more than the right; just a shrewd idea which of the two sides is gonna stomp on us first."

Just look for the fist on the cover.

* H *

RAM JAM

Ram Jam-Portrait of the Artist as a
Young Ram-Epic JE 35287

A second effort from the group that made 'Black Betty' a household word. You like Aerosmith, Rush, Kiss, or Ted Nugent? Well, here's another one. Ho, hum...

* IG *

obscure manure

GIBBONS

Steve Gibbons Band-Down in the Bunker-
Polydor PD-1-6154

In his third effort Gibbons serves up his rock'n'roll with side dishes of country and humour. Dave Carroll's steady steel guitar accounts for much of the country. And Gibbons' own lyrical contributions provide the humour--from "Mary Ain't Goin' Home":

"So the black and white they mix it
up,
They have a cocoa kid from the lovin'
cup,
An' if the powers that be don't
interrupt,
Things could be alright."

"Big J.C." is about a religious card player. On this tune Gibbons, using his talk-sing style, sounds more like Dylan than Zimmerman ever did. "Eddy Vortex" gives us a dose of fifties rock a la Elvis. The variety doesn't always work. A hilly album, but eternal horizons are boring anyway.

* M *



THE CARS

The Cars-Elecktra 6E-135

Take a liberal pinch of Lou Reed, add a spoonful of Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers, stir in some synthesizer and a little commercial accessibility and you've got the Cars at their best. This shines through particularly on 'My Best Friend's Girl,' 'You're All I've Got Tonight,' and 'Just What I Needed.' The rest of the tracks range from almost ridiculous to interesting. So who cares? The Cars don't care. They're here for fun. Take 'em at their word:

"i don't mind you coming here
and wasting all my time
'cause when you're standing oh so near
i kinda lose my mind..."

Right.

* C * (I think)

DAVID GILMOUR

David Gilmour-Columbia JC35388

Gilmour, who has played with Sutherland Bros. and Quiver and Roy Harper, as well as being Pink Floyd's regular guitarist since the 1968 departure of Syd Barrett, attacks his first solo LP with a well-deserved artistic confidence. Stepping into his regular role as guitarist, Gilmour strolls right on through keyboards, vocals, and production. The latter is clear and smooth a la Pink Floyd. Vocals and keyboards are adequate, while Gilmour's guitar gimmickery is concise and tasteful as always. Altogether an enjoyable album which probably won't blow you away, but should leave you far from disappointed.

* C *

LONGHAIR

Professor Longhair-Live on the Queen
Mary-Harvest SW 11790

Henry Roeland Byrd cut his first record in 1949 at the age of thirty-one. His innovative personal style of New Orleans piano has since influenced such R&B figures as producer/musician Allen Touissant, who calls him "The Bach of Rock'n'Roll." This particular recording of the Prof., his first live LP, was done in 1975 aboard the Queen Mary at a party thrown by Paul and Linda McCartney. It includes standards such as Hank Snow's 'Movin' On' and the well-known 'Stagger Lee.' Longhair handles both with spirit, but he really shines on the instrumentals, 'Mess Around' and 'Gone So Long.' All this and it still doesn't make me jump around the way a good blues-boogie piano album should. Oh well, maybe it's the syncopated 8/8 rhumba beat with the superimposed triplets....

* M *

JAPAN

Japan-Adolescent Sex-Ariola SW50037

There is no doubt that an invasion is happening. The question concerns its source and direction. The fusion of funk and punk is about as likely as chocolate-covered watermelon. But with David Sylvian's raw vocals and Mick Carn's ever-thumping bass it has arrived. Some of the most grating moments are reminiscent of Parliament. Then, in step Rob Dean and Richard Barbieri (guitar and keyboards), Sylvian's voice gathers an increased sense of detached sneering, and we are served a dish of spacy, but tight, controlled punk. 'Television' and 'Suburban Love' are both standout cuts. The former draws a frightening picture of cinematic existence. The latter, however unwittingly, makes a lyrical statement of direction:

"Earth, wind...
Earth, wind, and fire
Cannot take me
Take me much higher..."

* hi-grade M *

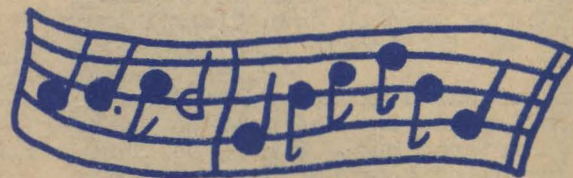
ODZUNINS

Cover of the month award goes to Bill LaBounty's new LP for his surreal desert lineup of transparent goddess-like hitchhikers. Bob Dylan has too much help. Springsteen must be tired or overconfident. Racquel and Lucy are still pissed at the Stones, whose disco version of "Miss You" is climbing the charts like Spider Man.

silence is golden
whispering makes such a fuss
talking is old 'n'
yelling is ridiculous

'til next month,

the quaker



From the Hawaiian Village to the shores of Manitoba

For long over a year, a band named Dallas McGee has been shuffling equipment and people around bars in central Illinois. Now, it looks like the struggle might earn the boys some steady income and exposure through a national agency in Nashville, which is sending the group to Canada later this month. Getting to that point is still an effort, what with passports, duties, contracts and schedules to be figured out. It's a great feeling to have been around when a bunch of friends decided to try and pull together a group with the intentions of fulfilling a life's ambition--music.

Dallas McGee's present line up, playing together since November of last year, consists of Dale Humphries, guitar, sometimes fiddle; Bob Bogaert, keyboards, regular guitar; Jim Phillips, handheld guitar; John Evans, bass; and Mike Matthewson, percussion. They are generally known as a country rock-flavored group. Those of you who have caught one of their live local sets at the Lay Z J Saloon or the Hob Nob in recent months can testify to their stage presence. Dale stands as the spokesman, but Bob's charisma lends spontaneous verbiage before and after many of the tunes. The group performs material by Marshall Tucker, Chuck Berry, Waylon Jennings, Neil Young, Merle Haggard, Lynyrd Skynyrd, and Warren Zevon.



Bob, Dale, and Jim are the composers for the group, with Bob spending more time over the pen than the rest. Previous to Dallas McGee, Bob played about town, solo, for a few years, and in a duo with Jim as the Dwayne Hoover Band. The group performs four of Bob's songs. "Montana Lou," as Bob tells the story, is about an old man living in Chicago as a junk hunter, who repeatedly insists that his junk could sell for much more in Montana. If that's too deep a concept, there's "I Can't Stand The Thought." When a relationship hits the crossroads and beyond, there are sometimes memories that rekindle the flame, but other times, "I just can't stand the thought of waking up next to you." "While You're Up" and "You Make Me Feel," one of Bob's earliest pieces (circa 1970), are the other two Bogaert originals performed by the band.

Back a few moons, Dale hung around with Timothy P and the Rural Route 3. Evidence of this association keeps popping up with the occasional appearance of Jerry "Muttonhead" Erickson, pedal steel player for Timothy P, who will sit in with the group when he's in town. One of Dallas McGee's best numbers is Dale's "White Buffalo" a tale based on an Indian sundance ceremony, where

white men could earn acceptance in a tribe by passing a series of tests, climaxing with the image of a great white buffalo. This signified passing the test, a physical and mental trip. "Day Atlanta Fell," the other tune penned by Dale, is just a fantasy with a "what if" plot.

Our final composer, Jim, has turned out "Possum Blues" and "I Can't Play Country Music," the title for the latter coming from the parting remark of the guitarist that Jim replaced. John, bassist, is always dressed for the occasion, and both in clothes and in music is



just a punk at heart. Mike, latest to join the group, adds new and tighter licks each time through a set.

Ego? Setting up their own equipment, tearing it down, loading and unloading, taking turns driving to and from jobs, doing their own booking, advertising and PR, everybody puts in time, including rehearsals. What carries the group beyond the jungle of barbands will be happening shortly. Too many good bands live and die from overplay in the same area. Dallas McGee is moving out of the area for a while, going to Canada for ninety days of work on the road. Some of the band members are leaving families, jobs with "steady" income arranging for things to run smoothly while they are away. It's a big chance, but life on the road seems to keep bands healthier, and Dallas McGee is not interested in becoming a "house" band for local bars.

So what does the band see after Canada--a chance to reach a larger audience, become more proficient musicians, national exposure to

the media? In a series of continuing articles we'll cover the group's Canadian tour and its effect on their development.

--Tim Barwald



P.S. Every Wednesday evening (6 PM to midnite during the summer; 9 PM to midnite during the fall and spring semesters) I run a radio show called "Quintessence," which often features a live performance by a local group or individual as well as conversation about the music they play. Support your local musicians by tuning in. That's on WESN 88.1 FM, non-commercial educational radio. If you are a budding talent and would be interested in participating, please contact me through Divinyl Madness Records in Normal.

Hear Willy Berry, Wed. July 26, on "Quintessence."

Dallas
McGEE

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Mike Arsenau

Caution: *Disco entertainment centers may be hazardous to your health*

Page 28 Post-Amerikan
vol. 7 no. 3

"Disco music makes it possible to have disco entertainment centers. Disco entertainment centers make it possible for mellow, laid back, boring kinds of people to meet each other and reproduce."
--Frank Zappa, 1978

Knocking disco ain't much fun. When you criticize a four billion dollar business (most of that without airplay) you're bound to get some flack. If not from the people who are really into disco musically, then it's from the people who buy it for dance music. I have no objection to the latter people, except there must be better dance music than "Shake your Booty."

I asked Don Coven, a dance instructor at ISU, what he thought of disco music. He told me that disco music is a good way to get people dancing and I agree with that. The people I am against are the ones who hold forth on the musical virtues of disco. I feel the same way about the people who expound on the great virtues of the movie Saturday Night Fever.

Don't get me wrong; I ended up liking the movie when I finally forced myself to go and see it. But in discussions of the movie, I found that my reasons for liking it were different from most peoples'.

The following paragraphs in smaller type are a Quote from "The Development of Innovative Staging Conventions Used in the Major Plays of Thornton Wilder," 1976, by John C. Wiseman.

In 1938 The Merchant of Yonkers, written by playwright Thornton Wilder, opened on Broadway. Thornton wrote this play to help degrade the current techniques he was so opposed to by satirizing them. Wilder's complaint stemmed from the type of theatre he was subjected to in his youth (the 1920's).

This type of theatre had its roots in the nineteenth century and in Wilder's words, "was connected with the rise of the middle classes--they wanted their theatre soothing."

One of the ways in which these people tried to "soothe" their theatre (or have it "soothe" them) was to make it as separate from their own "real" lives as possible. "They... removed, cut off, and boxed the action. They increasingly shut the play up into a museum showcase."

Out of this came the boxseat, the proscenium arch, melodrama and "realism." By the time Wilder became a regular theatre-goer, one who was aware of these movements to stifle free expression and of what the theatre had lost by then, the type of plays in vogue were "harmless" comedies and farces (with occasional serious dramatic pieces thrown in to try to convince enthusiasts that the art was not dead) which totally ignore the presence of an audience.

The Merchant of Yonkers was based on a play which founded the "boxing up" movements, Einen Tux will er sich Machen (Johann Nestroy, Vienna, 1842), but expanded its farcical qualities to the extreme. Wilder also turned asides into long speeches to the audience. The play failed on Broadway in 1938--the same year as the success of Our Town, another Wilder play.

He later revised the play and retitled it The Matchmaker -- and this time it was a success, but for all the wrong reasons. People did not see the satire in it, but instead enjoyed it for the very pretentiousness and "harmlessness" Wilder was trying to make fun of. The Matchmaker was later adapted to become the musical Hello Dolly! which was one of the most spectacular successes in American theatre history--but again for the wrong reason, ironically. Incidentally Hello Dolly! is the musical version of a play which was a revision of a play which was an adaption of a translation of a play based on a character and situation in Moliere's L'Avare (The Miser). It surely holds some kind of record for this.

Saturday Night Fever showed what the "disco scene" is all about. The music is loud enough to deafen you and the lights could fry your optic nerves. Watching disco boys and girls show themselves off and hearing the cheap "lines" they use on each other is enough to give any sane person brain damage.

Unfortunately Saturday Night Fever was a big success because of the disco scenes which I have just described and the draw of John Travolta. Travolta is a very good actor but unfortunately his large following has most a teenybopper mentality. I thought the disco scenes were sick and therefore showed the "disco scene" in its true light. But most people went to the movie just to see the scene that I disliked.

My favorite scene in the movie was when Tony (John Travolta) walked out of the 2001 Odyssey discotheque after winning a fixed dance contest and shouted over his shoulder, "this place is a sh*t-hole." Basically that is what discos are. But the Saturday Night Fever fans didn't realize this. They enjoyed all these disco scenes while I almost threw up on my popcorn.

The music in Saturday Night Fever is all throwaway pop. Watching Tony and his friends playing on the Brooklyn bridge to the strains of "Night on Disco Mountain" was enjoyable but I could see modest Moussorgsky rolling over in his grave.

After the disc-jockey at 2001 Odyssey finished playing "Disco Inferno" (if you just said "burn baby burn" ten years ago you coulda' been shot), he put on good uptempo disco number. (There are a few.) Only two people remained on the dance floor. So much for taste in music.

The dancing could almost be called throwaway also, but it was done well enough to be called good. Tony, the disco King of the 2001, told his friends, "You could dance as well as I do if you would just practice." Of course robot moves don't take a whole lot of practice.

What I really liked about Saturday Night Fever was how Tony finally gave up living for the disco and was going to try to do something with his life. (We won't find out if he does till the sequel comes out.) Although some people would have called the ending corny, it had a real message for people today. But according to Barry Gibb of the Bee Gees, the world is not into messages any more.

"...But like I said, it's a good thing that all that music is there for all those people. Because without it their lifestyles would lack something."
--Frank Zappa, 1978

--Dyndsdaile

Christian defeated

Judge Hugh Goodwin of Fresno, Calif., an admitted Christian, regularly ordered convicted persons to attend church as part of their sentences. He was defeated for reelection last June.

--Ms.

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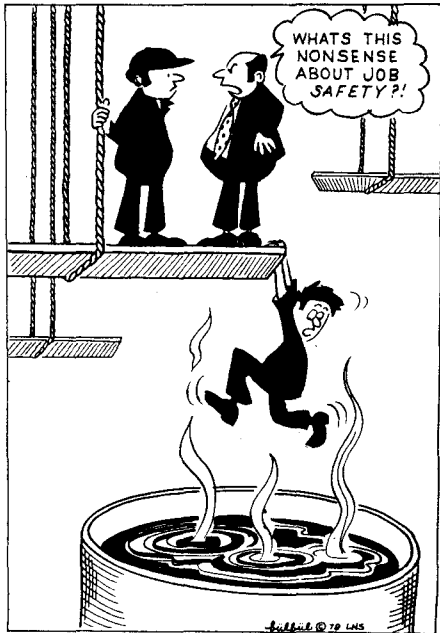
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IWW fights for Virden workers

Virden, Illinois--The Industrial Workers of the World (IWW, the "Wobblies") are something out of the history books, circa 1915. A militant class-oriented labor organization which took in every and any worker, their muscle was broken by the U.S. Government in the Red Scare of 1919.

But a small and militant minority "kept the faith" through the years, preaching "industrial unionism," publishing their paper and continuing their agitation for a worker's world.

Recently they've resurged, organizing CETA workers in Chicago, transit



LNS/cpf

workers in California, irrigation canal diggers in New Mexico and heavy machinery workers in Virden, Illinois.

Virden is a typical Southern Illinois town, surrounded by coal mines and corn fields, criss-crossed by railroads, boasting a cafe or two and one main drag.

Southern Illinois, beneath the calm surface, has always been a hotbed of union militance. The United Mine Workers have strong roots here, the Progressive Mine Workers were founded here, and Mother Jones is buried here. The National Guard has frequently visited this end of the state. It is a land of few rich and many honest, upright but poor working people, close

to the land and unafraid to stand up for their rights.

When the workers at Mid-America Machinery in Virden, which rebuilds heavy road equipment and tractors, were upset over unsafe conditions and low wages, the only answer was unionization.

They turned first to the United Auto Workers, who scorned them as too small (7 workers). So instead, they went to the IWW, and in July, 1977, 5 of the 7 signed recognition cards, also joining Industrial Union 440, the Metal and Machinery Workers, of the IWW. Four days later, Mid-America locked out the workers.

The National Labor Relations Board, doing a card check, recognized the IWW as legally representing the workers, forcing the company to pay back wages for the lock-out.

The IWW continued to petition for a bargaining session with the company, but was continually turned down. Militant union members like Jim D'Aunoy were laid off as "damn instigators" and "insubordinate," but three of their replacements, upon seeing shop conditions, joined the union within a week.

With wages varying from \$3.50 to \$3.75 an hour for heavy labor and numerous unsafe conditions, it was no wonder the workers were anxious to unionize.

There were charges that heavy machinery lifts had no brakes, fire extinguishers were empty or in the wrong places, and according to Bob Swaggerty, who worked in the paint shop, the ventilation was so bad that he'd "cough rust for a week" after a day in the paint shop.

Foreman Fred Schroeder was notoriously slow filing compensation papers, so that even after injuries, Fred often "couldn't find the papers," according to one worker, leaving the injured without help. The IWW eventually filed 53 unfair labor practices charges against Mid-America, winning 37 convictions.

After court injunctions limited the workers to two pickets, the IWW hit upon the tactic of hitting Mid-America in its pocket book.

Mid-America sells most of its heavy machinery at auctions throughout the



LNS/cpf

Midwest. With IWW pickets at these auctions, many buyers were afraid to purchase Mid-America's rebuilds. The IWW estimates the company lost \$250,000 through this tactic.

Almost a year after the IWW had first been recognized, Mid-America tried a new tactic--running away. Mid-America claimed to be closing down (which it didn't), and laid off union members. All the while, the company was busy building a new shop about one-half mile south of its old facility.

But in a strong union town, the company has to run much further.

The IWW threw up pickets at the construction site on June 7, which were honored by buildings and trades workers. So far, construction has remained halted, costing Mid-America hundreds of dollars daily in "down time."

UAW and UAW members from nearby mines and factories have spontaneously picketed the site in support, even though legally only two pickets can be present. The only attempt to cross the line was made on the afternoon of June 7, when four Illinois State Police squad cars escorted a truck load of building materials across the line. Supervisory personnel drove the truck.

The company is trying to sue to stop these pickets, also.

The IWW organizer at the site, Dick DeVries, charges Mid-America is also part of a national price-fixing system, engineered by an ITT subsidiary, Thorpe Enterprises. Thorpe delivers instant print-outs of all new and used equipment, which gives a firm like Mid-America an edge in charging high prices for "taking junk, getting it running and painting it up and pawning it off," in the words of DeVries.

Mid-America, a small but determined firm, seems to have suffered no small financial loss to stay non-union.

But the IWW has a long tradition of struggling through the toughest battles for the workers who everyone else ignores. And if their history proves correct, the workers in Virden will be enjoying better conditions before long.

Strike fund contributions can be sent to the Industrial Workers of the World, 752 W. Webster, Chicago, IL 60614.

--MgM

Send in those clippings

Since every crime committed by a homosexual becomes a "homosexual crime" in the establishment media, the National Gay Task Force is compiling a list of major heterosexual crimes of violence, with special emphasis on crimes against children.

Clippings of such crimes can be sent to: NGTF, 80 Fifth Ave., NY, NY 10011.

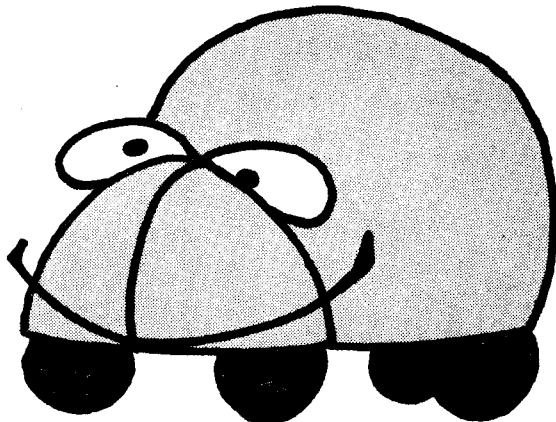
--Lesbian Tide

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Album prices going up at Small Changes

Small Changes Bookstore would like to have women's music available to Bloomington-Normal. So for the past year we have stocked albums by performers like Holly Near, Malvina Reynolds, the Berkeley Women's Music Collective, Cris Williamson, Alix Dobkin and Willie Tyson.

All of the records are released by women's music companies such as Olivia, Redwood and Urana. These companies provide women artists with an alternative to dealing with the larger, exploitative, male-dominated labels. But being small and alternative means that costs are high for these companies and so women's albums tend to be priced higher than other albums.

Over the past year the cost of all albums has risen, and women's music is no exception. Although we would like to keep women's albums at a price that makes them available to as many people as possible, we have decided that we can no longer continue to sell them for \$4.50

(recommended retail price is \$6.00). So for the next month, that is until Aug. 20, we will sell our albums for \$5.50. So, folks, if you want to beat the rising cost of women's music hurry to Small Changes before Aug. 20.

On the subject of women's music, Small Changes Bookstore has information on the Third Michigan Women's Music Festival. This will be happening from Aug. 17 to 20th. The festival will feature Alive, Teresa Trull, Sweet Honey in the Rock, Therese Edell, Woody Simmons and many more exciting women performers. For more information, contact Small Changes.

Closer to home, Small Changes will soon be adding to its stock of music by local women artists. Along with songs by Kristin Lems, a woman from Champaign, we will soon be carrying a new single by a Bloomington singer, Marita Brake. The titles of her two songs are "The Other Side of Now" and "Joy in the Morning."

--Small Changes Collective

No more free VD treatment

This spring the McLean County Health Board unanimously voted to begin charging those who could afford it for venereal disease treatment at the county clinic in Normal.

This reverses the Board's 4-2 vote on January 24, 1977, to make VD treatment there free to all county residents.

When the Post asked Ben Boyd, the health department director, why the clinic is charging for VD treatment,

he said: "The idea is that a guy fiddles around and goes out and gets VD--why should we pay for his promiscuousness (sic)?"

When the Post asked Ben why the Board changed its mind in mid-stream about charging for treatment, Boyd first answered: "The policy has never been changed."

And then said, "I don't know. If you've researched it, you know more than I do about it."

State no good for kids

Dear Post Amerikan,

Recently I talked to an individual who married a girl who already had two small children. He had felt that she was starting to neglect them, and for her sake and the children's he convinced her that they would receive better care from adoptive parents. An adoption was carried thru despite protest from the former husband. And later this second couple was divorced also. What was the cause of the failure of the family group?

I reluctantly informed this individual of my perceptions of child care in Illinois from my own dealings with DCFS. I told him that he probably made a mistake about adoption because the children were likely to receive less care than what they got from the natural mother in an adoptive or foster home arranged by the state.

Previously owned children are not always treated fairly. American culture specifies a good housekeeping seal of approval which is not necessarily guaranteed by income of parent or caretaker. It is a matter of social status. Any help an individual may be seeking from a social agency may be greeted with a condescending attitude. It's always the case.

Nancy Miller



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Identify narcs

Dear Persons,

I have just finished reading your June-July issue and am sending in for a subscription.

I have one comment on your MEG article(s). I'm sure you've checked your information very carefully for the ones you included and I hope you will continue that in the future. A lot of innocent people can be hurt by being labeled narcs or informants by mistake (or some times intentionally by someone holding a grudge).

Yours truly,
Maureen Pimley

Post-Amerikan:

I have just read your article on MEG agents. It is the most down-to-earth story on this subject I have ever read. Let me say the only true story.

You said you would welcome any info on these agents. I would like to say some things about Bobby Friga. He is the biggest liar in Illinois. My husband and I were only 18 when he was busted. Married for only five months.

We party and everything and for about six months in late '76 we sold some stuff to our "friends." This Friga guy was introduced to my husband by

one of our "good" friends. He told us he was "out of a job, his wife kicked him out of the house, had no money, no place to stay," etc. Generally shooting us a big sob story.

Well, my husband being a really good guy felt sorry for Friga and agreed to arrange for him to receive a gram of dust, so Friga could make some money to live. We thought this would be the end of it but no, Friga kept calling and harassing us constantly to get him some more grams.

As it ended, about May I think it was, about 4 a.m. we were awakened by cops banging our door down. My husband was arrested for seven counts of selling a controlled substance. Bond set at \$30,000. We had to raise \$3,000 to get him out of jail. Later we hired a lawyer for \$7,000. We were very very lucky that Rick received only 5 years probation and fines for this garbage.

What I am trying to say is that Friga and any other agent will shoot any kind of bull on you to make a bust. They don't care if they play on human sympathy or whatever to make enough busts to keep that lousy racket going. Sorry to spill out this big story but I just don't want anyone else to be suckered in by these creeps. Friga will lie about everything. Thanks a lot. Your paper is the greatest.

Sincerely,
Gale Bowers

The slime that devoured MEG

You Low Down Slime,

Only Drug Pushers are against undercover Drug Agents. The rest of the people in the country are glad they are catching the Slime. I never bought one of your slimy newspapers and I know now I never will.

(unsigned)

Support gay prisoners

Post Amerikan:

As a gay activist the past 7 yrs. in the federal prison system under extreme pressure from the government's harassment, I finally came up for parole on 6/7/78. The 7 yrs. in on a 20-yr. sentence should have been long enough for anyone on a non-violent crime but I was given a split decision and finally denied parole by the regional office in Kansas City, Mo.

The discrimination against gays that have come up for parole is quite apparent the past few years in both federal and state prisons. The brutal and inhumane treatment of the gay brothers/sisters can only turn one to personal hatred of these capitalist officials. Plus the outside rights of gays are going fast down the drain each day!!

There must be unity among us all on a demand for a federal gay rights bill. I suggest a "walk for rights and survival" be organized in San Francisco, Calif., to Wash, D.C., and joined by all that are concerned for civil, human rights. Plus rallies at prison doors in support of our incarcerated brothers/sisters.

The past year I was in New Mexico State Prison where the government has placed me in a conspiracy to get me in a serious position. This is due to legal actions, filed in the past few yrs. and embarrassing the government.

What I have seen is the most unhuman acts against gay brothers that exists! In 7 months we had filed several suits, and the brothers have much support now. I was placed back in federal after filing some 10 writs about conditions, treatment, mail. A.C.L.U. of Denver has taken up legal action against the officials there on conditions suits.

Much support is needed in New Mexico prisons as all fed, state pens! I request that all brothers, sisters join in to check to see what they

can do for incarcerated gays. A defense fund can be a help to us all by sending funds to Sister Evelyn Ancilla, Convent of Transfiguration, 495 Albion Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio, 45246 (513-771-5291). You can get an update on my situation and others by contacting my attorney Jona Gildschmidt, 828(D) East Main St., Robinson Center, Carbondale, Ill. 62901 (618-457-0414).

Many gay brothers have died the past few years inside the Amerikan prison kamps, as well as outside in one equal struggle for all! Help support that cause to avoid the future holocaust!

In struggle with you
John Gibbs

Dear Post people:

Just wanted to add some thoughts on an article on the News Briefs pages of the last Post. The article dealt with the defeat recently of ordinances in three U.S. cities that had protected gay people in areas of employment, housing, etc.

I don't believe the Amerikan legal system is to blame for these defeats. Nor do I think one or two religious denominations can be blamed. Gay people in St. Paul, Eugene and Wichita suddenly found themselves stripped of their equal rights because the majority of the voters in their cities saw fit to remove the anti-discrimination laws from their cities' law books.

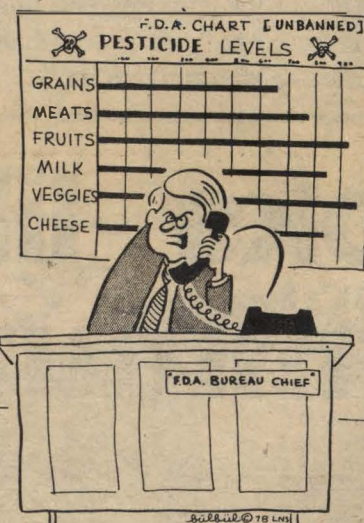
The efforts of individuals and groups that have worked so hard for so long to get these measures passed will have been in vain if this dangerous trend continues. It should be pointed out that town and city councils as well as county boards across the country have passed ordinances to protect gay people. So the lawmakers cannot be blamed. Instead, the responsibility should be placed on a misinformed electorate.

People have seemingly become more and

more aware of the power in numbers. In Cleveland, voters can decide to let their school houses sit empty. In California, voters passed Proposition 13, a measure George McGovern, June 17, said smacked of racism because state welfare recipients, largely black and chicano, would be directly affected.

I believe this unfortunate trend will continue. Think of the possible measures that could conceivably be placed on ballots. We had all better become aware soon of the potential dangers to our way of life that could be brought about by the power of misguided masses.

--R. Jay Gibson



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Marital fight provides excuse for police violence

There's certainly one thing to be said for some of our local police. When opportunity knocks, they're ready.

In June of this year, Tish Beeson called on Bloomington police to help her deal with her husband John. She and John had been fighting, John had been physically abusive, and she wanted him out of their apartment while she moved their baby and her stuff out.

One of the two officers who responded to her call seized his chance to indulge in some violence of his own against John Beeson.

John had changed the locks to the apartment door in his wife's absence and was sitting on the couch feeding their five-month-old baby when Tish arrived with Bloomington cops Rhoda and Wilson.

John knew that his wife was on the way over and had called his lawyer, who, John says, had advised that if Tish had no key to the door, it would be illegal for her to bust in.

However, Tish did indeed bust in the door, while the police watched.

Tish and the police entered the apartment, and John refused to give up the baby and started to leave the apartment.

Apparently Officer Wilson was not in a talking mood, because he then grabbed John's arms and pulled them back. This caused John, who was at that point standing up near the door and holding the baby in his arms, to drop the baby. John crouched down and caught the baby in his lap. Tish took the baby.

John then snatched the keys to the car and tried to leave again. This did not meet with Officer Wilson's approval either.

Wilson grabbed John by the throat, choking him and throwing him into a chair with such violence the chair leg broke off.

He was hollering and cussing at John-- for example, the officer screamed, "You little sonofabitch, give her the keys!" John offered no resistance except for initially trying to push Wilson away, which didn't do a whole heck of a lot of good.

Tish was very unhappy at this sudden turn of events and said to Officer Wilson, "Let him go."

Wilson, however, was just beginning to get into it. Still holding John by the throat, he started banging John's head repeatedly on the hard surface of the

baby's dresser. John says he "damn near passed out."

Tish and the police then had the baby and the car keys, and they split. John ran downstairs after them, meaning to ask Tish to stay and talk. Once outside, he grabbed the keys again, from the car ignition.

Wilson grabbed John and threw him onto the back of the car. John, who has been under a doctor's care since November 1977 for a work-related back injury, then rolled to the ground. Wilson pushed John's face against the pavement and held him there, with John's arm twisted behind him, until Tish left.

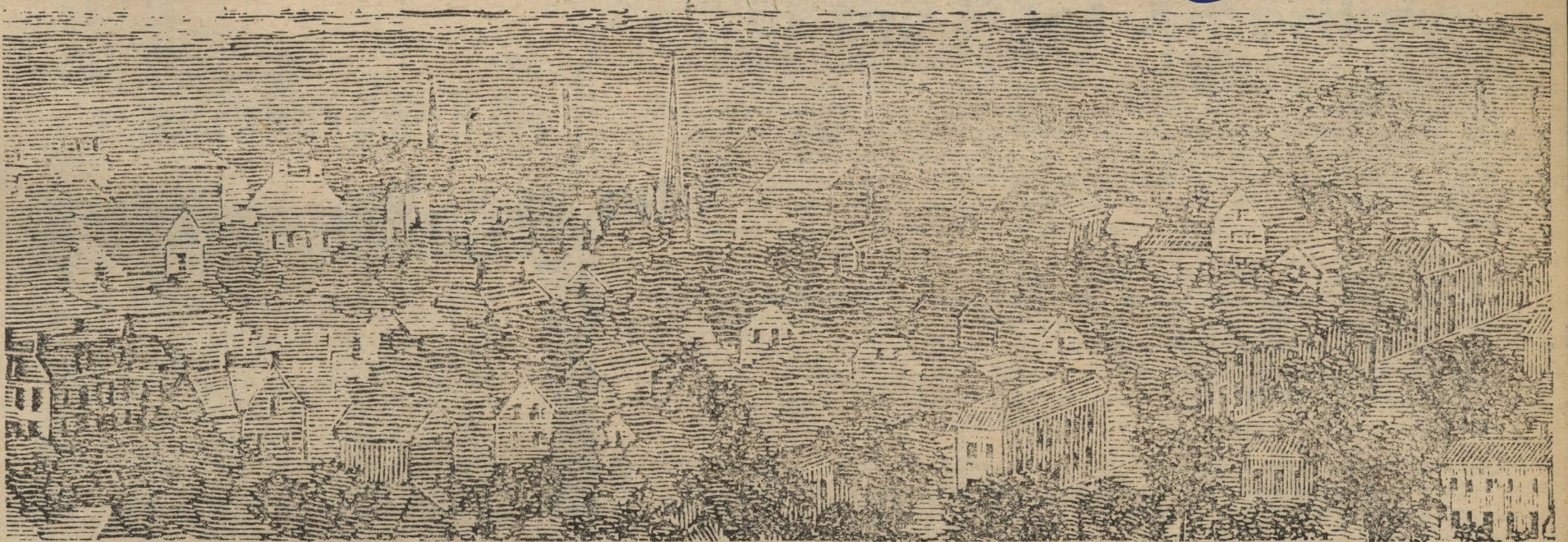
Wilson's treatment of John left bruises on his neck that lasted for a week and scrapes on his face and leg.

I certainly don't envy police the difficult job of interceding in couples' fights. But Officer Wilson's behavior was clearly uncontrolled, excessively violent and uncalled for.

At least Wilson didn't charge John with resisting arrest and disorderly conduct, a frequent by-product of police brutality.

--Alice Wonder

looks like a sleepy, serene community. look again.



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